

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

No. 4.—NEW SERIES.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1858.

[PRICE 4d., Stamped 5d.]

**BRITISH INSTITUTION**, Pall Mall.—The GALLERY, with a Collection of Pictures by Ancient Masters and deceased British Artists, is OPEN daily from Ten to Six. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

**THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS** will close their Twenty-fourth Annual Exhibition on Saturday next, the 31st inst. Now open at their Gallery, at Pall Mall, near St. James's Palace, daily from 9 till dusk. Admission, 1s. Season Ticket, 5s.

JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

Will close next Saturday, July 31st.

**EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.** The THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the Society is now open from Nine A.M. until Dusk. Admittance, 1s.

Sofolk Street, Pall Mall East. ALFRED CLINT, Secretary.

N.B. Exhibitors are particularly requested to send for their pictures on Monday the 2nd, and Tuesday the 3rd, of August.

Will close Saturday next, the 31st.

**SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—THE FIFTY-FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION.**—5, Pall Mall East (close to Trafalgar Square). From Nine till Dusk. Admittance, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

**LIVERPOOL SOCIETY OF FINE ARTS.**

The Committee have much pleasure in making known to Artists, Sculptors, and Architects that the rapid enrolment of Life-Members and Annual Subscribers has now given a material guarantee that the Society will be established on a firm and satisfactory basis; they therefore have no hesitation in inviting Contributions to the EXHIBITION, which is to be opened in August or September next, in the Queen's Hall, Liverpool.

Those gentlemen who intend to favour the Society with Contributions of their Works for Exhibition, are requested to inform the Honorary Secretaries, by a note addressed to the Central Office, 24 North John Street.

Agents.

London—Messrs. H. & J. Crichton, 6, New Compton Street, W.C.  
Edinburgh—Mr. Alexander Hill, 67, Princes Street.  
Dublin—Mr. James Stark, Sackville Street.

Provincial Artists who propose to send Works from any of the Exhibitions in London, are requested to give the requisite authority to the Honorary Secretaries that their Agents in London may be instructed to collect and forward those works direct.

JOSEPH BOULTON, Hon.  
D. P. BOULTON, M.D., Secretaries.

**CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY.—THE NEW PICTURE GALLERY**, now formed within the building, will be opened to the Public in a few days.

The Company continue to receive (subject to approval) Pictures from all Classes of Artists, and offer the same every opportunity of free exhibition in the present very attractive Gallery.

Applications for the remaining space should be made at once to Mr. C. W. Wass, at the Gallery.

By Order.

Crystal Palace, 22nd July, 1858. GEO. GROVE, Secretary.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE—REDUCED PRICES.**—Tristes, Alboni, Pescenni, Bellotti, Bentzon, Viatelli, Rossi, Aliberti, and Giuglini. Divertissement—Mlle. Boschetto. Performances will be continued during the week:

TUESDAY, July 27.

TRUE-SIDAY, July 29.

FRIDAY, July 30.

SATURDAY, July 31.

On Tuesday, July 27, it is repeated IL TROYATORE. Leonora, Mlle. Tittoni; Aranea, Madame Alboni; and Monrico, Signor Giuglini; and a Divertissement, in which Mlle. Boschetto will appear.

Pit stalls, 12. 6d.; boxes, from 10s. 6d. to 31. 2s.; pit, 3s. 6d.; gallery stalls, 3s. 6d.; gallery, 2s. May be had at the Box-office at the Theatre.

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,** COVENT GARDEN. NEW THEATRE.

On Tuesday next, July 27, will be performed Auber's Opera, FRA DIABOLO.

DON GIOVANNI.

The nobility, gentry, subscribers, and the public are most respectfully informed that Mozart's opera, DON GIOVANNI, will be produced on Thursday next, July 27, instead of Tuesday, July 27, as announced. All tickets will be sold at the usual price. Performances on Thursday—DONA Anna, Mme. Grisi; Zerlina, Mme. Giulini; and a Divertissement, in which Mlle. Boschetto will appear.

Pit stalls, 12. 6d.; boxes, from 10s. 6d. to 31. 2s.; pit, 3s. 6d.; gallery stalls, 3s. 6d.; gallery, 2s. May be had at the Box-office at the Theatre.

Conductor, Mr. Costa.

The alterations in the music by M. Alary.

The minuet in the first act will be danced by Mlle. Zina and M. Desplantes.

**GUARANTEED PICTURES BY LIVING ARTISTS** for SALE, at very moderate prices, at MORRY'S Picture Frame Manufactory, 63, Bishopsgate Street Within.

Specimens of Frith, R.A., Hippocrate, Landell, Beavis, Lewis, Walker, Collingwood Smith, Niemann, Sidney Percy, G. Cole, W. Hayter, and others. Hallé, W. Bennett, Rose, John Anson, Horler, J. W. Allen, Armand, Meissonier, Waterhouse, Bromley, Soper, Shadlers, A. W. E. C. and Walter Williams, A. Montague, Vickers, Bouvier, Haynes, Williamson, Foster, Hawkes, Watts, &c. Corneille, Giraudou, Loring, Simes, and Francis. Repairing and re-gilding.

**DOUBLE REFRACTING SPARS.**—MR. TENNANT, GEOLOGIST, 146, Strand, has just received from Iceland some unusually large and fine specimens of this interesting mineral. Mr. Tennant arranges Elementary Collections of Shells, Minerals, Rocks, and Fossils, to illustrate Conchology, Mineralogy, and Geology. He also gives Practical Instruction in Geology and Mineralogy.

**BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL,**  
IN AID OF THE FUNDS OF THE GENERAL HOSPITAL,  
ON AUGUST 31, SEPTEMBER 1, 2, AND 3, 1858.

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS,  
MADAME CLARA NOVELLO,  
MADEMOISELLE VICTOIRE BALFE,  
AND  
MADAME CASTELLAN,  
MADAME ALBONI,  
MISS DOLBY,  
AND  
MADAME VIARDOT GARCIA.

MR. SIMS REEVES, SIGNOR BONCONI,  
MR. MONTEN SMITH, MR. WEISS,  
AND SIGNOR TAMBERLIER, AND  
SIGNOR BELLETTI.  
ORGANIST, MR. STIMPSON.  
CONDUCTOR, MR. COSTA.

OUTLINE OF THE PERFORMANCES.  
TUESDAY MORNING.

Elijah ..... MENDELSSOHN.

WEDNESDAY MORNING. COSTA.

MESSIAH ..... HANDEL.

THURSDAY MORNING. HANDEL.

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LAUDA SION (A New Oratorio) ..... MENDELSSOHN.

SERVICE IN C (A New Oratorio) ..... BEETHOVEN.

OVERTURE ..... (Song of Corinth).

ACIS AND GALATEA (With additional Accompaniments by Costa) ..... (Der Freischütz).

SELECTIONS FROM OPERAS, &c. (Piano-Duet).

OVERTURE ..... (Song of Corinth).

WEDNESDAY EVENING—A MUSICAL MUSEUM, COMPRISING

SYMPHONY ..... (Jupiter).

CANTATA ..... (To the Son of Art).

OVERTURE ..... (Guillaume Tell).

SELECTIONS FROM OPERAS, &c. (Song of Corinth).

OVERTURE ..... (Song of Corinth).

THURSDAY EVENING—A MUSICAL MUSEUM, COMPRISING

THE SCOTCH SYMPHONY (In A Minor) ..... MENDELSSOHN.

SERENATA (Composed for the occasion of the Marriage of the Princess Royal).

OVERTURE ..... (Alceste).

SELECTIONS FROM OPERAS, &c. (Song of Corinth).

OVERTURE ..... (Burgha).

FRIDAY EVENING—A FULL DRESS BALL.

Parties requiring detailed Programmes of the Performances may have them forwarded by post; or may obtain them on or after the 26th July (with any other information desired), on application to MR. HENRY HOWELL, Secretary to the Committee, 34, Bennett's Hill, Birmingham.

J. F. LEDSAM, Chairman.

MR. KIDD'S TOWN AND COUNTRY LECTURES.

**M. R. WILLIAM KIDD'S LECTURES.** “MR.

Kidd has just delivered at the Literature Department, his new and very interesting lectures on “A Grand History and Other Domestic Pets.” Of these (now 400!) he related original anecdotes out of numbers. “The time flew so fast, that the lecturer seemed to have commenced his subject ere he had entered under the necessity of closing it; and yet, two full hours had elapsed.” “All his illustrations were of the most forcible, solid, and kindred character, and they irresistibly work upon the better feelings of our nature. We hardly need say that Mr. Kidd is to be a regular lecturer at this Institution. His reception was most cordial.” —See *Sketches of a Gentleman*.

All Communications to be addressed to Mr. William Kidd, New Road, Hanmersmith.

**THE MANSION GRAMMAR SCHOOL, LEATHERHEAD, SURREY.**

**MR. PAYNE** begs to announce that his SCHOOL will RE-OPEN on THURSDAY, the 5th of August.

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**MR. HODGSON** will SELL by AUCTION, at

his New Rooms, the corner of Fleet Street and Chancery Lane, this Day, SATURDAY, July 21, and Five following Days.

(See *Advertiser*, p. 1.) Half Price.

**THE LIBRARY OF BOOKS** comprising the Theological Library of the late Dr. J. R. BUCKLAND, removed from Rye, Sussex, and the Stock of a Second-Hand Bookseller declining the business, together with several smaller collections; amongst them are Poli Synopsis, 5 vols. best edition; Robert's Ecclesiastical History, 10 vols. best edition; St. Paul's Epistles, 20 vols. the Commentaries of Scott, Dovil and Mant, Henry, Clarke, and others; Faccioli's Lexicon, 2 vols.; Price's Mohammedan History, 3 vols.; Wilkins's Sanskrit Dictionary, and other Oriental Books; the Parker Society's Publications, 45 vols.; Sussex Archaeological Society's Transactions, 12 vols.; Bewick's Birds and Quadrupeds, 3 vols.; Nelson Despatches, 7 vols.; Wellington Despatches, 8 vols.; Alison's Europe, 10 vols.; Scott's Novels, 46 vols.; the Works of the most eminent Divines of the Established Church; an excellent Selection of the Classics, Dictionaries, Lexicons, &c.

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The Manuscripts comprise many very important volumes executed in England during the fifteenth century, together with a few illuminated Manuscripts in an antique Book of Hours executed for the Duchess of Burgundy during the years 1460 and 1460.

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**MESSRS. S. LEIGH SOTHEBY & JOHN WILKINSON**, Auctioneers of Literary Property and Works connected with the Fine Arts, will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, 3, Wellington Street, Strand, on WEDNESDAY, August 4, at 11 o'clock, and the following SEVEN DAYS, including HISTORICAL PAPERS and some of the Second Portion of the Library, forming the Collection of PHILIP BLISS, D.C.L., Principal of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, exec. comprising the most extensive and most complete Collection of Books on the History of England ever assembled, commencing with Works there issued in the reign of King Edward VI, and continuing to the present time, including those printed by the Clarendon and University Presses, and extraordinary Works printed at London during the years 1660, 1665, and 1666, immediately preceding that eventful period when the First and Second Editions of the printing of the Psalms were issued in the City, the emporium of literature, and very similar and unique Collection of Books, illustrative of the Characters of all the various Phases of Life, from the reign of Elizabeth to the present period—a large Assemblage of the Editions of David, many of which are of the greatest rarity.

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We have hitherto followed the subject of this memoir through the various steps of a deadly and uncertain struggle, marked at intervals by the lustre of some brilliant triumphs, which however do but serve to heighten the gloom of succeeding disappointments. Yet, overweighted by his adversaries in the field, undermined by his own allies, and thwarted by his own government, Wellington had never wavered. His duty was to roll back the tide of imperial aggression within such limits as were consistent with the security of his own country. He was not blind to the probable consequence to his own reputation should he fall before the game was played out, or should a daunted ministry forbid him to prolong the struggle. But no such reflections had been permitted to interfere with the course that so clearly lay before him. And at last the reward was won. He had fought the good fight. A career of unchequered glory now lay before him. And seldom, we should think, has a higher or nobler joy thrilled through the human breast than that experienced by Wellington as he rode across the frontier stream, and rising in his stirrups and waving his hat above his head, bade a long "farewell to Portugal."

The events of 1813-14 formed a gorgeous final act to this bloody and obstinate contest. Seldom indeed have all the horrors of war been so nearly veiled behind its brilliant and beautiful pageantry as in the mountain warfare of this campaign. Both historian and romance writer have combined to celebrate with enthusiasm the alternate loveliness and sublimity of those unframed regions through which the Anglo-Portuguese army now wound its way:—ravines sparkling with the slender rivulets that everywhere spouted from their sides, fragrant with the perfumes and freshened by the breezes of the orange and the ilex; crags robed with ivy, and garlanded with roses, from whose towering summits the eye wandered over valleys of exquisite fertility, dotted with corn-fields and vineyards; or looking back upon the glens behind, saw the long red columns of the English infantry peeping here and there through the dark green masses of the foliage. Amid these beautiful and romantic scenes the labours of the passage were forgotten. The whole army was in buoyant spirits. "The light of twelve victories played around their bayonets." And proud of their leader, exulting in their cause, and justly confident of themselves, on rolled that splendid array towards the great battle plain of Vittoria.

The two great events of this campaign were, as our readers may remember, the battle of Vittoria and the siege of San Sebastian. The flank march executed by Wellington previous to the attack upon Joseph was one of the boldest and best timed movements in the whole war. It is thus described by Captain Brialmont:

"Observing how difficult it would be to cross

the Pancorbo, and to force the passage of the Ebro in presence of the enemy, he suddenly carried his left, and by and by the whole of his army, by an unfrequented route, which had heretofore been regarded as impracticable for wheeled carriages, towards the bridges of San Martin, Rocamunda, and Puent de Arenas, and on the 14th and 15th crossed them without encountering the smallest opposition. Yet the obstacles opposed to the march were at least as great as those which fixed the movement through Tras-os-montes. Its first result was to cut off the communications of the French with the coast, and to force them to abandon all the harbours except Santona and Bilbao. The English fleet entered Santander, and the Commissariat immediately established in that town a dépôt and a hospital. From that moment direct communication between the Allies and Portugal was no longer necessary. Assured of a new base, Wellington could continue his operations, and act energetically without compromising anything. His plan was, to turn Joseph's right, to penetrate into Guipuscoa, then to establish his army upon the great road of communication with France, while the fleet moving in concert with him should form new dépôts at Bilbao, and other points. He executed this plan with a precision and vigour which were the more remarkable that rugged torrents, deep ravines, perilous declivities, and countless natural obstacles, interrupted the march of his columns across that wild and savage district of the Peninsula. During six days the soldiers made the greatest efforts to open a passage through these defiles and mountain gorges, where one hundred men were sometimes required to drag a single piece of cannon."

Let those who have been inclined to question Wellington's possession of the very highest order of military genius ponder well on the above and other similar achievements, and ask themselves honestly what there is in the campaigns of either Napoleon or Hannibal evincing any essentially superior military quality.

When the battle of Vittoria was communicated to Napoleon, he immediately deprived his brother of the command of the French armies, and bestowed it upon Soult, who at once took measures for barring the passage of the Allies into France. The operations which ensued have always seemed to us the most interesting in the whole war. Through the narrow pass which lies between the towns of San Sebastian and Bayonne on the Bay of Biscay, and the north-west extremity of the Pyrenees, runs the great high road from Spain into France, the only practicable route by the northern provinces. This road is crossed by three rivers running down from the mountains to the sea—the Bidassoa, the Nivelle, and the Nive. The country therefore was admirably adapted for a series of defensive positions; and had Wellington been left to himself, he would, says Captain Brialmont, have elected to defer the invasion of France to the following year, when the reduction of Catalonia would have opened to him an easier route. As it was, however, the allied sovereigns insisted on an immediate advance; and Wellington accordingly, after repulsing the attack on his own position delivered by Soult immediately after his arrival at Bayonne in hopes of relieving San Sebastian and Pampluna, began to make preparations for forcing his adversary in turn. Wellington was famous for his skill in crossing rivers, and his conduct of the difficult and dangerous operations which in less than two months, in spite of the unfavourable weather, carried him up to the walls of Bayonne, will always rank among his greatest exploits. His admirable manœuvres were ably seconded by the singular gallantry of his troops. But

the passage of the Bidassoa was effected without any general action on the 7th and 8th of October, Soult "being deceived by the unforeseen manœuvres and perfect coolness of his adversary." But his two next positions were not broken through without some desperate fighting, during which Captain Brialmont thinks that Wellington, on one occasion, exposed his army to extreme and unnecessary peril. As this is one of the few occasions on which Mr. Gleig has ventured to controvert an opinion expressed by the Belgian officer, we shall present our readers with the passage:—

"Some blame attaches to Wellington for having left Hill in so critical a situation on the Nive, where he would have been infallibly beaten but for a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, and the truly heroic courage of the English soldiers. Nor can he be excused for having failed to profit by his successes from the 10th to the 12th; so far as to make himself master of the intrenchments which lay in front of his position at St. Pierre.

"With respect to Soult, it is past dispute that the excellent plan which he had devised was frustrated through his own want of vigour in the execution of it. He lost especially an admirable opportunity on the 16th of dislodging the left of Wellington's army, which was quite separated from his right. [Captain Brialmont is mistaken here. General Hope had force enough to stop the whole French army on the plateau of Biarritz; and the light division, which held Arcangues, was at hand to support him by falling on the flank of the French column. At the same time it must be admitted that Soult exhibited no great amount of resolution. The duke used to say of him that he was generally right in his plans, but never knew when to strike.]"

All things considered, it is surprising that M. Brialmont has committed so few errors of this kind. But we must warn our readers that it is necessary in all cases to read his criticisms on Wellington very attentively, as he has a careless habit of stigmatising conduct as mistaken which he afterwards tells us Wellington had excellent reasons for adopting, e.g.:

"Still it must be acknowledged that he would have profited better by Soult's mistake had he turned the French left and thrown himself on the line of their communications with Bayonne. But not desiring at that period to penetrate into France, there were excellent reasons why he should abstain from following this course."

This sort of sentences is of very frequent occurrence. And unless, as we say, it is read with great attention, would very often lead people to suppose that the author was censuring Wellington where he really has no intention of doing so.

The campaign of 1814 was of brief duration, but two important pitched battles were fought in it—those namely of Orthez and Toulouse. As the latter action forms one of the disputed points in the Duke's career, we shall quote M. de Brialmont's opinion. But first of all we must hear what he says of Orthez:—

"The battle appeared lost, and Soult was exclaiming 'At last I have them!' when, by a sudden inspiration, Wellington changed his plan of attack, and directed Picton's two divisions, and a brigade of the light division, against the left of the height which was held by Reille's corps. This vigorous effort produced an unexpected result, and was particularly creditable to the 52nd regiment of the line, which received orders to take in flank and rear the troops which were pushing back the column from St. Bois. That gallant regiment crossed a marsh under the fire of the enemy, and threw itself with such violence upon Foy's and Taupin's divisions, that it compelled them to retire."

"For the impartial observer cannot but per-

ceive that Wellington exhibited in this campaign far greater ability than his illustrious opponent. He took advantage, with singular sagacity, of all the favourable circumstances which presented themselves; and displayed in the execution of his plans a boldness well calculated to put to silence those who speak of him as a timid general, shrinking from the initiative. The only error with which he can be reproached is with having given to Beresford at the battle of Orthez so few troops that the Duke of Dalmatia might have been able to force the centre of the Allied army. Fortunately the French general never thought of profiting by this mistake; or, at all events, did not adopt the measures necessary to turn it to account."

Of the value of these "might have beens" we have already expressed our opinion.

Of Toulouse our author tells us:—

"Some authors, appealing to this fact, insinuate that the battle of Toulouse was not lost by the French, but that is an opinion which does not admit of any defence. Choumara, and all those who deny to Wellington the success of the day, pay no attention to the fact that Mount Rave was the real field of battle, and that the abandonment of that height amounted to a defeat. To pretend that 'the plateau of Calvinet was nothing more than the post of an advanced guard; that Soult's real line of battle was the Canal of Languedoc, and that the movements of the 10th ought to be regarded as we regard the defence of works in advance of a fortress, which may be lost without involving a defeat;—to pretend all this is to misunderstand the truths of history, and to give currency to a false principle in the art of war. The Duke of Dalmatia, moreover, better instructed than his blundering apologists, has never advanced the slightest claim to victory in the battle of Toulouse. He has not even cited as an argument in his own vindication the immense numerical superiority of the Allies, and in truth that argument would be of small value, because 24,000 men only, and 52 pieces of cannon, were seriously engaged by Wellington. Yet it is beyond dispute that the English were on the eve of being beaten; for if Soult had left a weaker garrison in Bayonne, and if he had better supported Taupin's attack, Beresford must have been repulsed, and the battle lost. We are led therefore to the conclusion that, honourable as the battle of Toulouse was to the French troops, they did not gain the day. And upon this point history has delivered its verdict. It is a good thing to vindicate the glory of our country, but even that praiseworthy purpose must not be sought at the expense of the glory of others, and above all at the expense of truth."

We should add that at the end of the next chapter is to be found a very interesting memorandum on the battle of Toulouse from the Duke's own pen.

The battle of Toulouse, fought upon the 10th of April 1814, concluded the Peninsular War. And at this stage of his work M. de Brialmont introduces a valuable chapter on the general characteristics of the war, the difference between French and English soldiers, and the causes of Wellington's success. The whole chapter might be studied advantageously by readers who had neither the time nor the inclination to go through the entire war for themselves. Mr. Gleig's notes are always at hand to correct any exaggerations or mistakes, of which however M. de Brialmont is as seldom guilty as could reasonably be expected. And on the whole we should be inclined to say that these one hundred and twelve pages constitute a safer and more complete essay upon the great military drama of which they treat than has yet been given to the world.

In the last two chapters of this volume Mr. Gleig's explanatory paragraphs become more frequent, and we must not omit to notice that the long insertion at the com-

mencement of the sixth chapter seems rather abruptly introduced. It is however full of interesting matter relative to the Duke's proceedings at Paris, Madrid, and London during Napoleon's residence at Elba.

The tactics of the English, the Prussians, and the French in the Waterloo campaign are discussed by Captain Brialmont at considerable length. But in preference to carrying our readers through a mass of strategic detail, we shall endeavour to bring before them a general summary of the faults attributed to all three. And first of Marshal Blucher and the Prussian position at Ligny:—

"General Jomini pronounces this position to be 'detestable,' and in truth it was subject to these grave disadvantages, that its right rested upon nothing, and its front was so encumbered with obstacles, that no opportunity of acting was afforded to the numerous and excellent Prussian cavalry. The Prussian general Müffling finds great fault with the occupation of St. Amand, and we are assured that the Duke of Wellington expressed himself in similar terms to Marshal Blucher."

Mr. Gleig adds:—

"Indeed, the Duke did more. After surveying the entire position, and observing that it exposed to the fire of the enemy's artillery, not the line of battle only, but the reserves also—he remarked to Prince Blucher, 'Every man knows his own troops best; but if I were to place my men where you have placed yours, I should expect to be beaten.' Blucher's answer was, 'My men like to see the enemy,' to which the Duke made no reply; but when riding back to Quatre Bras he observed to the officers about him, 'Well, if I am not very much mistaken, the Prussians will get an awful thrashing to-day'; and, as we shall have occasion presently to show, the event fully justified the prediction."

But if Blucher chose his position badly, Napoleon it appears was no less unskillful and negligent in attacking it.

"If Napoleon in the morning of the 16th had taken the initiative with promptitude and vigour—if he had shown himself equal to what he was in Italy, at Ulm, at Ratisbon, at Jena, at Champ-Aubert, and at Montereil—all the Prussian corps must have been beaten in detail. But the Emperor was so fully impressed with the conviction that Blucher would concentrate towards Namur that he paid no attention to the intelligence conveyed to him by Grouchy at six in the morning that the Prussians were debouching in considerable force by Sombrefe and St. Amand. The orders to occupy Sombrefe were not issued till between eight and nine o'clock; at the same time with those intended for Marshal Ney."

"This reconnaissance, however, appears to have been somewhat negligently made, for it gave the Emperor a very incorrect idea of Blucher's strength. It is stated, indeed, in a letter to Marshal Ney, written by the major-general of the French army at Fleurus, two hours after dinner, 'The Emperor commands me to inform you, M. le Maréchal, that the enemy has collected a body of troops, between Bry and Sombrefe; and that at half-past two, Marshal Grouchy, with the 3rd and 4th corps, will fall upon him.' Napoleon (the circumstance is so extraordinary as well-nigh to appear incredible) had not discovered that the body of troops consisted of an army of 80,000 men, all ready for battle."

We should scarcely be doing justice to Captain Brialmont if we did not give the following remarks without abbreviation:—

"The impartial historian will acknowledge that the campaign of 1815, however worthy at its opening to be ranked with the mightiest deeds of the empire, exalts in no high degree the qualities and marvellous talents which have immortalised the victor of Rivoli, of Marengo, of Ulm, of Ratisbon, of Champ-Aubert, and Montmirail.

"In the morning of the 16th Napoleon lost some precious time, which enabled Blucher to

recover himself, and which, by the inaction to which it reduced the corps of Marshal Ney, favoured the concentration of the Anglo-Netherlands army. On the same day he committed the fault of recalling Count d'Erlon's troops, at a moment when the Prince of Moskowa stood in the greatest need of them; and fell into the still graver error of permitting them to go away again, after they had shown themselves in rear of St. Amand. To this double mistake may be attributed the loss of the battle of Quatre Bras, and the reorganisation of the Prussian army after Ligny.

"It has been said, with reason, that Blucher's defeat would have been complete and irreparable, if Napoleon, instead of inspecting the field of battle and the troops which had been engaged, had entered at once upon the pursuit of the vanquished. The Emperor has also been blamed for having neglected the opportunity of separating the Prussians from the Anglo-Netherlands, by attacking their right in a more oblique order of battle; for having left behind him the sixth corps, of which the effective strength amounted to 10,500 men, and massed his cavalry upon the right, where it could not act with the same effect as upon the other wing. It has been proved, also, that from nine in the evening of the 16th up to eight in the morning of the 17th, Napoleon had no communication with his left wing, from which he was separated by three leagues only, insomuch that Marshal Ney was ignorant in the morning of the 17th, that the battle of Ligny had been won.

"The main body of the French army remained throughout a large portion of the 17th in the environs of Fleurus, nor was it till mid-day that Marshal Grouchy received orders to quit Sombrefe, and to follow the Prussians in the direction of Namur. Thus, after having given up the morning of the 16th to Blucher, Napoleon committed the irreparable mistake of leaving the whole of the 17th at the disposal of Wellington.

"At Waterloo itself other grievous errors were committed. In the first place, no pains were taken to examine with care the enemy's position. In the next place, the Emperor, convinced that the Prussians were thoroughly crippled, began the battle later than he would have done had he been under any apprehension of Blucher's arrival. He attached too much importance also to the attack upon Hougoumont, which ought to have been regarded as a diversion only, but in which he employed, from first to last, a body of troops superior in number to those of the enemy. At the same time he neglected, in the attack on that point as well as in those upon all the rest, to prepare the way for the action of his infantry by a sufficient fire of artillery and the use of potards. He made his first attempt on the left centre in columns too dense, which were not supported closely enough by cavalry; he engaged, or permitted others to engage, his reserves too soon; finally, he displayed considerable hesitation at a time, about six o'clock, when there was proof before him that a great and combined effort in the centre might have succeeded. Generally speaking, every one of the attacks delivered throughout the day was feebly supported. On this head the French writers are themselves agreed.

"Marshal Grouchy blames the Emperor for having made no arrangements to keep open his communications with the right wing; and he is fully justified in so doing. That wing was neither protected nor covered; and hence, in spite of his own weakness on the left, the enemy had every right to expect that reinforcements would come to him from that quarter.

"Doubts still hang over the question, whether the Emperor himself, or to Soult as major-general, are to be attributed the absence of precision from the orders issued, and the mistake of intrusting to a single courier the despatches forwarded to Marshal Grouchy, on which the safety of the army may be said to have depended. Care should have been taken, as was always done in Berthier's day, to have employed several officers in carrying the same order. Care ought likewise to have been taken to superintend more closely the execution of every movement on the spot, and to distribute the columns more skilfully, for which a country

abounding in roads afforded ample facilities. The numerical weakness and imperfect organisation of the staff corps were undoubtedly among the causes which led to the failure of the campaign of 1815.

"Among the Allies, on the other hand, the staff did its duty with rare intelligence and precision, the Prussians especially showing that they had made great progress in that branch of the art of war since the disastrous events of 1806."

This remark, however, as Mr. Gleig points out, is not exactly true of the English staff.

Blucher's mistakes have been already noticed. Of Wellington M. de Brialmont says:—

"According to our view of the matter, Wellington erred in keeping his troops too long scattered in their cantonments when they ought to have been encamped."

"It appears to us that it would have been judicious, not to take up a position, as Clausewitz and Kleist suggest, either in rear of Brussels or on the Sambre, with a view of staking all upon one decisive battle, but, on the 9th of June, when everything betokened a speedy invasion, to have concentrated the Anglo-Netherlands troops between Hal and Quatre Bras, and placed the reserves at the debouches of the Forest of Soignes. It would have been wise, also, at the same time to have drawn Bulow's corps nearer to the three other corps of the Prussian army."

We should add that a memorandum by the Duke of Wellington in defence of his own conduct is appended to this volume, which, however, our author does not seem to think entirely satisfactory: in every other point he awards the highest commendations to the Duke, warmly eulogises his conduct on the day of the battle, and specially notices that immoveable self-possession which we have already mentioned as one of the most marked national characteristics in this illustrious man. The points selected for praise in Blucher are the rapidity with which he concentrated his troops at Liguy; the skill with which he re-organised them afterwards; his daring march upon Waterloo, and his vigorous pursuit of the French after his men "had been upon their legs about nineteen hours." "Exploits like these," says M. de Brialmont, "remind us of the more brilliant days in the career of the victor of Lodi." In Napoleon himself the author holds up to special admiration the opening of the campaign, which he says "deserves to be regarded as one of the most remarkable strategic operations of his life."

Innumerable comparisons have been drawn between Napoleon and Wellington, and perhaps the preponderance of opinion is in favour of the former's superiority. It seems to us, however, that no sufficient grounds exist for forming a decision on the subject. Napoleon will always have this great advantage on his side—that his operations were conducted on a more extensive scale, and their results more dazzling to the vulgar. Like Artaxomedes, too, he may always rely upon the potent argument of royalty—"He's but a general, damsel; I'm a king." And not merely a king but a kingmaker. Against the magic influence of such a name Wellington has never been able to contend, and with the mass of mankind probably never will. With military critics however the case is different. They ought never to forget that many of Napoleon's successes belonged to others, and that his failures were all his own, while that of Wellington on the other hand the exact converse may be fearlessly asserted; and that, as Mr. Gleig and almost every English writer before him have pointed out, Napoleon had at his absolute disposal the

resources of a vast empire—Wellington not even the independent command of a mere contingent, grudgingly given, badly equipped, and liable to be withdrawn altogether at the first signal misfortune. Comparing then their respective instruments, and the respective ends which they accomplished, comparing their conduct in action and their strategic skill, as described by the author himself in these volumes, we cannot yet give in our adhesion to M. Brialmont's opinion that the victor of Marengo was a greater soldier than the victor of Salamanca.

It remains that we should say a few words of M. Brialmont's literary powers, which in a work of this character can be estimated more easily through the medium of a translation than in *belles lettres* or philosophy. Our readers may perhaps have noticed that in all our extracts from these volumes we have confined ourselves to the quotation of opinions, and have refrained from giving any passages of pure description. The fact is that while all M. Brialmont's judgments are marked by great fairness and knowledge, he is decidedly deficient in imagination. Though if anything rather too brief for the general reader, he does not escape being tedious—and his battles especially, after the spirited language of Napier, seem intolerably tame. Many of the most striking incidents, and especially cavalry charges, in the Peninsula conflicts are dismissed in a sentence, and we are no more excited by his narratives of Albuera or Badajos than we should be over a problem of Euclid. This peculiarity, though possibly no defect in a work intended exclusively for military students, will in our opinion be fatal to M. Brialmont's chances of acceptance as the standard biographer of Wellington. We fear, then, that the question with which we commenced our notice of this work must be answered in the negative, and that the impartial and scientific critic who has established beyond controversy Wellington's reputation as a strategist, has yet failed in producing a work that Englishmen will read with pleasure. To say that his biography is the best that has yet been written is not, we fear, saying all that M. de Brialmont would expect. But we cannot place his volumes on our shelves with a conviction that nothing more is needed.

#### *Peloponnesus: Notes of Study and Travel.* By W. G. Clark, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. (Parker.)

If we are an idle and unworthy pretence to take a book like Mr. Clark's, and, affecting to see through it, and in and out, and all round it, to pronounce small praise or blame in the style of a patron or a pedagogue. *Gazpacho*, that admirable record of Summer Months in Spain, was enough to make us sure of a pleasant book, let the writer chance next to bend his steps where he might. And when the Public Orator of Cambridge, with Professor Thompson for a fellow-traveller, started for the Peloponnesus, we were likely to get, what we have now in our hands, a book with undeniable claims upon our respect, an abundant store of scholarlike observation and research. It was the author's intention—and, if the experiment was hazardous, it has been at any rate an eminently successful one—to make the book grave in matter, and light in manner. Nothing could be more happily introduced, nothing executed in better taste than the topographical questions at Mycenæ, the talk on the "picturesque" suggested at Karya,

and the disquisition at Navarino on the "one famous campaign and the many obscure controversies." All this is done with the most modest pretensions and with the amplest acknowledgment of work that has gone before. After Colonel Leake, says Mr. Clark, all are but gleaners. Yet you would not have judged, from the real gains stored in, that it was but an aftermath of Greek geography and archaeological science to which the author had succeeded. The judgment and taste which mark nearly every page of the book will be held up to view as we go on. But best of all is the sound and reliable scholarship of which Cambridge perhaps more than any other seat of learning is the assiduous and successful nurse. "*Peloponnesus*" is just the book to bring out in prominent relief the practical advantages of that severe classical training. We will venture to say, without much apprehension being refuted, that few men of even tolerable education would read these notes of Study and Travel, without being made distinctly aware of the utter absence of the irrelevant in argument, the cautious distrust of what is merely plausible, the upright allegiance to what is true according to the facts, and the clear exposition of it, in short, the union of critical self-control and critical freedom, which are the legitimate results of the Cambridge system upon a mind that has any natural vigour to start with.

The manner of Mr. Clark's journey was this. The travellers went on board at Marseilles on a Thursday evening late in March, the author having beguiled his way thither by several pages of suggestive remark, turning chiefly on the lapse of time since the days when hungry foreigners, even then aware of the value of British tin, took thirty days, not hours, to do the distance. The following Sunday brought them to Naples, and that day week to Malta. Even so early as this, while they are crossing the Mediterranean, we get a specimen of that fresh and genial allusiveness to things modern as well as ancient which runs through the whole narrative. Mr. Clark bids us reflect how in former days this Mediterranean was a "Greek lake" in a far stricter sense than it ever was, or will be, a "French lake," the fleet of the *Messageries Impériales* to the contrary notwithstanding. This is paralleled later on, where we are told that "Arcadia," when used in the wider sense including Mantinea and Tegea, is only, like Italy according to Metternich, a geographical expression. After three days' delay in the little Hôtel d'Angleterre at Syra, which they were assured by a fellow-traveller was a place "to cut one's throat in," they at length reached Athens. While passing through the Cyclades, Mr. Clark takes occasion to moralise most wisely on Keats's false conception of the Ægean Islands. The passage well deserves insertion for its own sake; and it may also stand as a specimen of the writer's general tone and spirit—

"The embowered Cyclades! Homer himself could not have found an epithet less merited. Nor when Ovid called Melite (Malta, to wit) 'fertile,' was the compliment more misapplied.

"Even we, the public, who are not poets by profession, except in so far as we may have woed the unwilling Minerva in Latin verse, at times think poetry, as M. Jourdain talked prose without knowing it, and investing our dreamlands with all that is most striking to the fancy in popular voyagers' books, the tropical luxuriance of Tahiti or South America, or with all that charms us most in our own scenery, thick woods and sloping lawns and deep meadows, call the

paradise of our creation by the sweet-sounding Greek names familiar to us from childhood. We have a vision of our own, and we undo it by a visit. Is it then better to stay at home? Certainly not, unless for one who prefers dreaming to waking. The only interesting geography is geography of three dimensions; and a knowledge of any country derived from actual inspection, gives an unsuspected significance and a new interest to the study of its history and its literature, and even furnishes to one who has the divine gift more solid materials for poetry. Shelley's Italian pictures are a thousand times more vivid than the vague generalities of his Hellas, and Keats would have found something better to say of the Cyclades as they are. If any one says that Wordsworth's palinode, 'Yarrow visited,' is not equal to the 'Yarrow unvisited,' I can only reply, as people always reply to awkward facts, that it is neither here nor there. My proposition is true in the main."

From Athens they went to Megara, and so along the Isthmus to Corinth, getting a glorious morning view of the Saronic Gulf by the way. The noble outlook northwards from the Acro-Corinth is drawn thus—

"Towards the north a blue mist filled the valleys and hid the bases of the hills, and lay upon the distant sea, so that it was hard to distinguish where the vapour ended and the water began. The summits of Helicon, Parnassus, and the Aetolian hills, still covered with snow, stood up bold and clear with deep purple sky behind; but lower down the outlines grew less and less distinct, the masses seemed less and less solid, fading away into ethereal dimness and 'the blue hyacinthine haze' which 'lay dreaming round their roots.' There was something strangely beautiful in this inversion of the common conditions of nature. The earth-born giants seemed to have scaled heaven at last."

As they left Corinth an event occurred, which, curious in itself, would have had a peculiar import in the eyes of a Cambridge undergraduate. A man with a large basket came up in a hurry to the Public Orator and the Regius Professor, as they were solemnly riding down the street, and presented them with some boiled wheat, known in the south of England by the name of "fermyt." In the north, Mr. Clark tells us, it bears the more correct name of "frumenty." It turned out on inquiry that this present was a customary offering after the death of a friend. Nemea, Mycenæ, Tiryns, and Argos were the next prominent stations, all full of interest; the chapters on Mycenæ and Argos are among the ablest in the book. Palm Sunday having been spent at Argos, a charming foretaste of Arcadia was found in Karya, a little village in a deep-bosomed hollow, on the main range of Artemisium.

There was something about Karya, the bright sunshine, the fresh Alpine breeze, the mill-wheel, and the shade, which caused Mr. Clark to think of Theocritus and the writing of idyls, and, *apropos* of idyls, to raise the vexed question about Greek taste for the picturesque. He refers to the lengthened discussion in *Modern Painters*, vol. 4, as well as to Mr. Cope's well-known paper in the Cambridge Essays of 1856. His own original matter may be briefly summed up thus:—First, the alleged difference between the ancient and modern feeling for natural beauty is probably far greater than the real difference. Then, presuming the habit of observation in the Greeks, which we may do on the strength of their striking epithets, the supposition of indifference becomes absurd. Further, we do not appreciate the true element of the picturesque in the retention of the language belonging to the old

religion. We also have familiar instances (witness Achilles nursing his spleen, and gazing *εἰς ὀλύρια τόννον*) to show how well the Greeks understood the links between the moods of mind and the aspects of nature. As for our own forefathers a hundred years ago, Horace Walpole's letters are enough to show that they were themselves as thoroughly insensible to the sublime in nature as ever ancient Greeks were. And, finally, our own nature-worship is but an ephemeral fashion, easily accounted for by our study of the physical sciences, together with the great facilities we have for making holiday tours; and depending chiefly upon present utility for such an existence as it has.

The route was continued by Nestane, Mantinea, and Tegea to Sparta, the remarks on which form of course one of the great features in the book. With a reference to the well-known passage in Thucydides (i. 10), Mr. Clark very aptly quotes Moore, dreaming of O'Briens and O'Donoghooys:—

"O for the kings of former time!  
O for the pomp that crowned them!  
When the hearts and the hands of free-born men  
Were all the ramparts round them."

At Xerókampo and Kalamata, the two next stages, we have an example of the independence of thought and judgment, which brings Mr. Clark into collision now and then with the redoubtable Mure. With all deference for so high a name, which, by the way, it is impossible to treat with more respect than Mr. Clark does, the colonel seems to us in this and other cases to be worsted. Indeed, *ceteris paribus*, the warrior who rides a hobby labours under a disadvantage when attacked by a man who is, so to speak, on foot. Colonel Mure "saves Homer's credit" by making out as he supposes the route of Telemachus from Phœre to Sparta, including a still extant bridge, by which "the poet himself, if not his hero, may have passed." The road however is demolished by Mr. Clark, who concludes his labour with this sensible observation:—"But how the old bard's 'credit' is concerned in the matter I cannot conceive. We ought not to find fault with a romance because it is not history, nor censure a poem for not being an itinerary."

In his view of the Homeric epithets again Mr. Clark is but too probably right. We say *too* probably, for "Homerolatry" is pleasant; and we do not like to think of the great poet as indebted in any way to hypothetical predecessors. Mr. Clark allows that the "poet of the *Iliad*" was familiar with the scenery of the plain of Troy, but he does not "find any evidence that either the poet of the *Iliad* or the poet of the *Odyssey* was familiar with the scenery of Greece." He accounts for the local epithets in Greece Proper by supposing that "a multitude of smaller epics have been absorbed in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and the epithets attached unalienably to this city and that are among the relics of those perished songs." That is, we must consider Homer as having practised a sort of legalised plagiarism, related to the illegal as privateering to piracy. It may be so; but the faith is "all unsweet."

A masterly chapter is devoted to the discussion of the many points of interest that cluster about Navarino. This was their most southerly point; and, turning to the north from thence, they kept moving upwards by Messene, Phigalea, and Andritzema, to the Plain of Elis; from whence, rounding the north-west shoulder of the Morea, they

returned through Patras, Vostizza, and Sicyon, back to Corinth again. Our space will admit only of a passing allusion to a most instructive refutation in chapter XXIII of untrue notions about the blood-relationship of the present to the ancient Greek, and their presumed mutual resemblance, moral and physical.

We have already alluded to the genuine scholarship which is the very life of the book. The subject may be briefly reverted to. Impelled not only by the growth of physical science, but by the suicidal bigotry of the old-fashioned scholarship, this "common-sense" age of ours has put the old studies on their trial, bidding them show cause why sentence of death should not be passed upon them. They will be, however, if they have not already been, acquitted honourably and finally, thanks to a scholarship which has lost nothing in minuteness and accuracy, while it has gained immeasurably in scope and liberality; and which, by showing its power to sympathise with studies that were once supposed abhorrent to the "classics," is more and more attracting to itself a reciprocal sympathy and good fellowship from these. Of this larger and nobler scholarship the whole tone of "Peloponnesus" is an example. For, in fact, it is a scholar-like tone, rather than formal criticism, which will reconcile Englishmen, if anything will do so, to a belief in the national usefulness of classical study: just as Arnold said that Christianity now-a-days would be better served by books of thoroughly Christian tone than by those whose purpose was definitely religious. We can do no more than indicate an admirable instance of the way in which Mr. Clark brings his scholarship to bear. It will be found at the close of his sixth chapter, where he discusses the origin of the term *narthē* as applied to a part of the Greek churches. We think by the way that his proposal to explain it by the Eleusinian distinction of the *ταρθηκοφόροι* is much more satisfactory than his first suggestion of a "dietary."

It would not be easy to point out a book, as taken against "Peloponnesus," where the author, while making a free and active use of his knowledge at every step, has so thoroughly avoided the display of it,

—wearing all that weight  
Of learning lightly, like a flower.

One great antidote against a pedantic tone lies in a writer's habit of keeping his ears open to what is passing in his own times, and should see with his own eyes, as far as he can, the best sights of his own country, illustrating the more remote by the nearer, and making each tell upon the other. The two following passages will explain the kind of allusion to which we refer. The first, a geographical passage, describes the feelings of those able but deluded tourists, when they supposed themselves to be contemplating a lake in the Phœneatic Plain.

"Two thousand feet below us lay a wide expanse of still water deep among the hills, reflecting black pine woods and grey crags and sky now crimson with sunset. Most beautiful at that moment, it must be beautiful at all times."

"Hitherto every spot had been familiar to us by name from boyhood, and the sight of each caused a pleasurable sensation like that which one feels at making a long-desired acquaintance; but now we felt the delight of discovery, such as Livingstone may have felt when he found a new Niagara in the Zambezi, or Pizarro when he 'stared at the Pacific,' silent upon a peak in Darien. The French map, it is true, marked a lake on the place; but so the maps give a lake Copais, which

grows rice, cotton, and reeds, and is such a lake as surrounds the Isle of Ely; and as our books spoke only of flat, partly marshy, plain, we were not prepared for a real lake, worthy to be matched for size with Windermere, and for beauty with Lucerne."

The second passage has to do directly with historical facts. It is this:—

"It is quite true that, so long as the wars of the ancient Greeks were waged by their own free citizens in person, 'fitful courage and sudden panic' did characterise their armies, except only the Spartan, as they characterise all half-trained and half-disciplined bodies of men, to whatever race they belong. The raw levies of America ran away at Bladensburg, and the raw levies of England refused to advance at the Redan. But the Spartans, who were veteran soldiers all, showed no such weakness. The Greek mercenaries of later times serving under Cyrus or Alexander were remarkable for steadiness in the field."

If the task of doing so were not superfluous, we might bring forward instance after instance of the fine element of deep pathos which is distinctly traceable throughout the narrative. The sigh over the detestable barbarisms which conveyed the travellers' first welcome to the Attic shores, ("I say, Johnny, vare good boat,") the intense exposition of those impossible barriers which separate us moderns from the "mighty Pan," now doubly dead to us, the half-sentimental speculation about the side of Moenalus which the Arcadian God must have loved, and last, not least, the real sadness that breathes through that brief, bare sentence about the utter dearth of Modern Greece in *men*, the no artists, no generals, no statesmen, no poets, no philosophers that have sprung into greatness from that fair wilderness—these are but a few among many evidences, widely scattered over the book, and bearing witness that the Student of the Peloponnesus, if he is an informed and accomplished scholar, is none the less a man of genuine human feeling.

*Revue des Deux Mondes.* (Livraisons du 15e Juin et du 1er Juillet. 1858.)

It was at one time, we believe, considered to be a sort of literary cannibalism for reviewers to review reviews. But whatever the considerations of literary etiquette, which objected to this kind of feeding upon the flesh and bones of one's fellow species—the bones, we may presume, forming the greater portion of the meal in an analytical review—they have certainly been waived so frequently, and in such a variety of ways, in the present times, that we hope in offering the review of a review we may escape the accusation of being *quasi* "Anthropophagi, or men whose heads do grow" on the wrong side of good sense. This apologetic reclamation against any accusation of cannibal propensities may however be less needed than usual upon this occasion; for the two numbers of that remarkable foreign periodical, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, now sustaining so prominent a position in the present literature of Europe, to which our attention has been, so to say, casually directed, suggest matter for general rather than individual remark; and we may thus escape the imputation of seeking any particular carcase to devour.

The literary periodical, as contrasted with the more directly political and social gazette or newspaper, may be looked upon, we believe, as being peculiarly of English growth. The original stock has branched

off into a variety of plants of different form and hue, the more prominent of which are the Review, specially so called, and the Magazine. In adopting the English plant and transplanting it to foreign soil, the French have grafted the one species upon the other, and confounded them into an especial plant of their own, under the denomination of "*Revue*," and thereby, we are but just in saying, conferred a dignity and importance to the grafted offshoot, which, however much more bright, variegated in colour, and alluring to the general wanderer in the periodical garden it may be, will be always considered as a plant less worthy of attention by the more serious and refined periodico-culturists. The Review in fact may with us be looked upon as a species to be scientifically investigated by the sober botanist—the Magazine as the garden-flower to be culled for the *bouquet* of an idle hour or to adorn the drawing-room table. The French *Revue*, as we have said, combines the two plants in one; and this growth we find not only in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, but, with modifications, also in the *Revue de Paris* and in the *Revue Britannique*, which latter publication however relies in a great degree upon translations. We refrain to speak here of the French hebdomadal literary periodicals, which are evident imitations of our English literary "weeklies," and of which the *Athenaeum Francais* is a notable instance in form and general tendency as well as in name,

The French "*Revue*," then, of which by far the most distinguished and best conducted specimen is the one now lying before us, deals chiefly in the so-called review article, which, as in the "Quarterly," the "Edinburgh," and the many other "Reviews" of greater or lesser calibre, existing among ourselves, bears very generally the form of an essay upon some particular subject, to which the names of certain books are appended, more as references to support or to confute a special view, or even simply in order to carry out the review character, than as an index of the matter to be specially criticised, and far more seldom the direct form of a literary criticism upon a certain book, or even upon many books bearing upon the same subject. But it admits likewise original works of fiction, frequently novels of considerable extent, sometimes tales comprised in their entirety in one number; and in this it assimilates itself more directly to the English so-called "Magazine." These tales, however, are the production of authors of celebrity. In the two numbers before us we find the continuation of a new novel by George Sand. They usually bear with them a certain weight and importance, little known to our magazines in general, and which smack of the sap of the more solid plant, upon which they grafted. From our general knowledge of the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," we may safely say that the tales it admits within its pages are far less tainted than most modern French works of fiction with that *soi disant* moral, but (to English understandings) especially immoral description of human passion, and sensual excesses, that, as human nature is constituted, rather allure by its prurient than reads a lesson by its warning. That the tales, written for French glasses of very peculiar moral "sights," should be examined by our own microscope of morality without the discovery of blemish or disease, would be perhaps exacting far too much. Thus far the *Revue des Deux Mondes* assimilates

itself somewhat closely to that kind of magazine which, in its reviews and serious essays, trenches closely upon the review proper, although by its tales, as well as lighter articles, it still maintains its own title; and in this remark we allude more especially to *Blackwood*. But even in this comparison we find various shades of difference; and, although we are far from wishing to treat good, solid, respectable, honestly earnest, worthy old "*Maggs*" with his world-venerated old ebony face, with the slightest disrespect, and still less to accuse him of any undue levity—Heaven save the mark!—we must avow that to the French *Revue* must be granted the sceptre of supremacy over him for solid, intellectual writing, philosophical appreciation, extended views, and impartiality in political criticism. In other respects also the *Revue*, however, assumes a form of its own, which, although derived originally from the English stock, bestows on it a peculiar aspect. It not only gives in smaller type, and apart from its essay-reviews, direct criticisms of the literature of the day, which, although conducted in a serious tone amounting almost to severity may be generally considered impartial, but it has a *résumé* of the political events which have occurred in the world in general during the previous fortnight (the *Revue* is a bi-monthly periodical), under the title of "*Revue de la Quinzaine*." In these political reviews we find rather an attempt to record the history of the times, as they fly, in a fair and impartial spirit, than to enter into political disquisitions or party discussions. In the two late numbers to which we refer the interior policy of France, as may be expected in the present times, is very cautiously and somewhat curiously examined: and indeed we may say in this respect the political considerations (although considerable eulogium is passed upon the tact which has substituted M. Delangle as Minister of the Interior in the place of his repressive military predecessor) are almost entirely restricted to commercial and financial matters. The exterior political history of the two *Quinzaines*, on the contrary, is detailed at length with great correctness and sufficiently impartial appreciation: and the position of the English government, and the state of parliamentary parties are recorded with a fairness and nicety of judgment, which would argue that when unbiassed by prejudice "lookers-on see the most of the game." Criticisms are, certainly, freely passed upon the tone of the English press with regard to the late armaments in France, not without their colouring of nationality: but upon the whole it may be said that in the historical *résumé*, entitled "*Revue de la Quinzaine*," the smallest possible traces are to be found of that leaven of jealousy towards England which sours so large a mass of the French press, and far less misappreciation of motives in foreign politics, or rather one-sided appreciation according to the peculiar light which is so often given in France—least of all, that real or wilful ignorance on foreign subjects, which is so often displayed by French writers to suit a purpose or to substantiate a calumny. In the spirit of impartiality displayed in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* there is but very little to be desired.

In one other respect, the *Revue des Deux Mondes* assumes a distinctive form. Occasional criticisms appear in its pages in the lesser type upon the operatic performances, new music, and theatrical novelties. These are sometimes extended to great length, and are

conducted in a serious and semi-philosophic spirit, of which we have few or no examples in the world of English criticism. The musical reviews, written by M. Scudo, if somewhat overstrained and occasionally fantastic in spirit, and carried too far in excessive nicety of analysis, are at all events scientific and earnest in tone and feeling.

On a perusal of the two numbers before us other suggestions, moreover, have forced themselves upon us. Out of twelve original papers, no less than seven are devoted to historical or social notices upon foreign countries, or compilations rather than reviews of works of foreign travel; and, by a strange coincidence: perhaps, the scene of both the works of fiction or real romance contained in these pages (consisting of two *livraisons* of the novel by George Sand entitled "*L'Homme de Neige*," and a *soi-disant romantique* memoir, called "*Souvenirs d'un Prisonnier Politique sous le Pontificat de Grégoire XVI.*") is made to pass upon foreign soil—the one in Sweden, the other at Eome; thus exhibiting—however great may be the wild exaggeration of the lady-writer in her fancies respecting "foreign parts," already so curiously exemplified in the Bohemian portion of her tale of "*Consuelo*"—a tendency on the part of French writers to seek for subjects of interest in foreign forms, and descriptions of foreign scenery and manners.

There thus remain in these two numbers but two papers not touching upon foreign subjects—"L'Europe et la Diplomatique Française pendant la Régence," by M. Louis de Camé (and this again relates rather to the history of Europe than France alone), and "*M. Edgar Quinet et ses Œuvres*," by M. Saint-René Taillandier. This peculiar attention paid to foreign countries, foreign history, foreign manners, if not exactly a new phase in the literature of a people who until very lately have shown themselves as little delighting in travel and as little apt to assimilate themselves to the manners and feelings of foreign countries as the exclusive Chinese themselves, is at all events one that has found an extraordinary development among them in latter years. That the French even yet are less inclined to travel than most other Europeans, are less disposed to make themselves conversant with foreign languages than most other gentlemen, and are still proud of affecting ignorance of the manners of such "outward barbarians" as are all such as may be born beyond the realm of the *belle France*—the great area of civilisation—is a still existing fact. But such notable instances have occurred of French enterprise in travel to far distant lands in modern times, and such intention is displayed in the *Revue* before us to convey information upon all subjects connected with the "be-nighted foreigners of the outward world," that we may expect in time to meet our travelling Frenchman as frequently as our travelling Brown or Jones. At all events, we trust that the time is fast dying away—a time not so far distant—when the grossest ignorance was displayed among *soi-disant* educated French people, not only about foreign customs and manners, and about none more than about their next neighbours, ourselves, but about the simplest matters of contemporaneous foreign history—when Alexandre Dumas wrote of George the Third as *brother* of the Prince Regent—when we ourselves were "set down" by a Member of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, because we ventured to assert that the Hungarian language was not

a *patois* of the German, after a congratulation upon our having passed the hot summer months in "glacial" Hungary, which he evidently imagined was a region somewhere beyond the confines of Siberia. That every step should be taken by enlightened editors and authors to bestow serious and correct ideas on French gentlemen in all subjects connected with foreign lands is a matter of important congratulation.

In this respect the most noticeable papers, as bearing most closely upon the immediate historical events of the time, are those entitled "*Episodes de la Guerre de l'Inde in 1857*," by M. Louis de Carné, of which we have two before us, as parts it would seem of a great whole, the one under the heading "*L'Insurrection de l'Oude et la Défense de Lucknow*," the other under that of "*Le Siège de Lucknow et le Général Havelock*." These papers go towards a recital of the history of the Indian insurrection and war. The compilation is derived from all the best and most authentic sources as yet published, the personal narrative of Rees forming a great portion of the basis upon which the history is written; and with such materials before him, the writer has contrived to put together in one form the most combined, full, and excellent history of the Indian Mutiny, as far as it can be gathered, that has yet fallen under public notice.

The appreciation of the causes of the insurrection is devoid of any party or national feeling; and although the faults committed on all sides, the defects in the composition of the Indian army, the errors in drafting away the best officers for the employment of civil agents, and similar mistakes, are clearly set down, it is but just to add that an impartial spirit has been preserved by the writer. Nor can we say that the *résumé* of the English policy in Parliament, as appertaining to the subject, is conducted in a less fair spirit or in a less clear and lucid manner. The direct remarks of the writer, as conveying his own opinions, are few and cautious. One extract may be worth the quoting as the opinion of an impartial Frenchman. "*Ces idées*" (the ideas of necessary reform), "*facilement intelligibles, ont fait leur chemin, grâce à la terrible insurrection dont nous avons voulu raconter quelques épisodes, et un premier pas a été fait dans une voie de sages innovations par la destruction du monopole de la compagnie. Aucun intérêt tiers ne viendra se placer désormais entre celui de la nation anglaise, et celui des cent cinquante millions de fellow subjects dont elle s'est déclarée la tutrice.*"

Another semi-political paper, which has its importance, or ought to have, to English understandings, is that of M. Auguste Laugel, "*Les Russes sur le Fleuve Amour.*" In this also a certain laudation is bestowed upon English attempts at civilisation in the vast empire of India. The purpose of the article is to show the advances of Russia in its efforts towards the absorption of the North-Eastern portions of Asia. It gives a history of the progress of these efforts in the vast region that touches upon China on the one hand and Eastern Siberia on the other, and is peopled with tribes whose condition is generally unknown in England, although a knowledge and appreciation of such a country might be deemed not only advantageous but in many respects highly necessary in the present condition of our relations with the far East, and ought to give in English eyes a value to this to us. The history shows many acts of rude and

tyrannical aggression on the part of Russia, mixed occasionally with a shrewdness of policy for which that country has so much distinguished itself. The main opinions of the writer, in a political point of view, may be summed up in his own words at the conclusion of the paper. "*Il appartient aux grandes nations d'en faire naître d'autres autour d'elles. L'Angleterre a préparé la grandeur des Etats Unis, et jette aujourd'hui dans l'Australie et dans l'Inde les fondemens d'empires*" (it is worth marking the prophetic warning of the French author in what follows) "*dont la domination doit lui échapper un jour. La Russie a pour devoir d'introduire le christianisme et la civilisation européenne dans le nord de l'Asie; elle doit poursuivre ce but par tous les moyens, lors même qu'elle préparera ainsi*" (a similar prophetic supposition) "*l'indépendance future de l'empire qu'elle s'est occupée à étendre au delà de l'Oural.*"

"*Les Voyageurs en Orient*," by M. Saint-Marc Girardin, an article based upon a variety of French works of travel or political disquisition relative to the East, may be read just now with singular interest, inasmuch as it recounts the sufferings of the Christians under Turkish rule: it appears to be one only of a series of papers upon the much-disputed Eastern question. We may remark a tendency, common to many French writers, in this paper—the tendency to write more for effect than strict accuracy, and to sacrifice sober sense to *de belles phrases*. But yet there is much truth, evidently derived from excellent sources, even from those adverse to his own views, in the diatribes of the author against the Turkish government and the oppression to which its Christian subjects have been systematically subjected. It supports the policy of France in Egypt (under Louis Philippe), in the Danubian Provinces, in Montenegro—defends this policy upon the principle that "*tout ce qui est séparé plus ou moins du corps de l'empire turc se trouve soustrait d'avance aux chances de la liquidation de cette empire*," and thus recommends the dismemberment of Turkey before the probable extinction of its domination upon European soil, and the establishment of new Christian sovereignties, in order that Russia and Austria may be prevented beforehand from sharing between them the spoil they covet. His principal argument is based however upon the necessity of a policy of *laissez faire* among the Orientals themselves. "*Depuis trente ans,*" he says, "*l'Occident se mêle trop de l'Orient,*" and "*en paralyse l'action.*" His principal object appears directed towards proving that the "*dénouemens Orientaux*," as they would be developed if the Eastern populations of Europe were left to themselves, should not be hindered by injudicious interference. It is not for us in these pages to discuss a line of argument of so peculiar a nature.

Besides these we have a good paper upon China, derived from Mr. Fortune's well-known book of rambles in that curious country, under the name of "*Un Botaniste en Chine*," and another, which is one of a series, headed "*Les Voyages d'Exploration en Afrique*," in which we find, on perusal, a scientific and tolerably entertaining, though somewhat dry article, compiled from Dr. Henry Barth's book of "*Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa.*" The number by M. Alphonse Esquiros of his "*Angleterre et la Vie Anglaise*," although coming under the enumeration of papers upon foreign countries, falls less under our

more immediate notice than any other of his *livraisons* on the same topic, as, in the instance before us, it is devoted entirely to Gipsy Life in England, and thus treats only very indirectly (although instructive, lively, graphic, and amusing in personal adventure) the subject of England and the English.

With its present tendencies towards bestowing instruction in a most readable form, and its general spirit of impartiality in judgment, we can but desire a wide sphere of influence, among its countrymen, to the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

*History of England during the Reign of George III.* By William Massey, M.P. Vol. II., 1770—1780. (London: T. W. Parker & Son, West Strand.)

ALTHOUGH more books than we have space to enumerate have been written on and about the period which this work embraces, yet strictly speaking Mr. Massey has no formal rival. We have memoirs and sketches without end. Walpole's "Memoirs of George III." Brougham's "Statesmen of the Reign of George III." M. De Remusat's recent work upon "England in the Eighteenth Century," together with the mass of papers, correspondence, and biography that the last twenty years have brought forth, are all of inestimable service to the historical student, but they are not history proper. Hughes of course merely takes this reign in his stride, and devotes no exclusive attention to its peculiar features. Alison begins too late, and Lord Mahon leaves off too soon. While Mr. Adolphus, who alone had conceived the same idea as Mr. Massey, died before his work was finished, which, accordingly, only brings us down to the year 1804. Under these circumstances, Mr. Massey may be said to have had an open field before him. The fabric which now begins to rise up upon it has no promise of either imposing grandeur, extraordinary elegance, or surprising novelty. But it bids fair to be useful. Mr. Massey is not a profound political philosopher, nor is he possessed of that fascinating literary style which sometimes has insured immortality in the absence of loftier merits. He takes the average liberal view of the period, without apparently giving himself much trouble to ascertain whether it either ought to be or can be corroborated; and he is content to employ the ordinary popular style of the present day, which Macaulay has made fashionable, but which he could not make universal. All therefore that we can say in praise of Mr. Massey's work at present is, that, when finished, it will confessedly fill up a vacuum, that it is free from either intemperate abuse or fulsome eulogy, and that, as Dr. Portman said of Pendennis, Mr. Massey "writes like a gentleman, if not like a scholar."

Our own opinion is, that the estimate of George III.'s character which obtains among his modern detractors, cannot long remain stationary. It must become either better or worse. Either he was seeking to resuscitate the *Stuart régime* or he was not. If he was not—if his general idea of a king of England's duties was not mistaken—we must then begin to examine his particular applications of it. And the two things which have principally conduced to the disfavour with which he has latterly been regarded are his perseverance in the American War and his opposition to Catholic Emancipation.

Now, as regards the first point here men-

tioned, we have no less an authority than Lord Brougham on the side of this maligned Prince. That his Majesty very often pushed his personal authority too far, Lord Brougham of course readily admits; but every one who reads his careful portraiture of that sovereign, must see that he gives him more praise for exerting his prerogative than blame for exerting it too much. His Lordship, in fact, goes to the heart of the matter when he observes, with somewhat more truth than courtesy, that a King of England is either paid a great deal too much, or does a great deal too little. But, without discussing this rather delicate point any further, we may repeat once for all that the great Whig lawyer applauds the King's conception of his functions—and blames him but little for acting as it is known he did when unpalatable ministers were thrust upon him. So much for the prevalent idea of George III. as "a tyrant." Let us now descend into particulars.

The impolicy of the American War is patent. But who is precisely answerable for it, it is not perhaps so easy to discover. We have often thought that the celebrated Act known as "the Declaratory Act," had at least as much to do with it as any other proceeding of that unlucky period. And the Declaratory Act was Lord Rockingham's. The object of it was to maintain the right of taxing in theory while consenting to waive it in this particular instance. But whatever the effect produced upon the Americans by this solemn declaration of the moderate party in parliament, there can be little doubt that it must have sunk deep into the mind of the young King. This Act was passed in 1766, when he was only twenty-six years of age. It purported to be the *minimum* of concession which the colonists could hope for. It was the act of their own friends—and it cannot be wondered that a principle which not even the ultra-liberal would dare to violate must have become invested with absolute sanctity in the King's eyes. We are far from maintaining that his subsequent conduct is to be justified on these grounds. But we think they were sufficient to have exempted him from such language as the following:—

"But rather than mortify his own implacable temper, or give up one of the many stupid prejudices which he cherished, he was willing to risk, not indeed the loss of the Crown, which he so often talked of resigning when his will was opposed, but the convulsion of the realm, and the dismemberment of the empire."

For the "stupid prejudices" and "implacable temper" the Whigs had principally themselves to thank, whose violent abuse of the royal power had steeled the King's mind against any representations that savoured of opposition policy. His Majesty was undoubtedly in the wrong; but some allowance may be made for a young and high-spirited sovereign, who, not unnaturally, identified sympathy for his revolted subjects, when so loudly and coarsely expressed as it often was, with hostility to his own office.

On the subject of Roman Catholic Emancipation we believe the king's conduct to be far more easily defensible. It would unquestionably have been far more advantageous to this country had George III. listened to the advice of the able and disinterested North, and terminated the American War three or four years earlier than he did. But it is by no means so clear that he would have conferred an equal boon upon his people had he brought on Roman Catholic Emancipation fifty years sooner than it hap-

pene. It does not necessarily follow that what was politic in 1830 would have been equally so in 1780. We are not blind to the absurdity of predicting imaginary consequences from events that never happened. But we merely protest against the too common argument, that what is right now must necessarily have been always right; and that those who resisted certain changes in one stage of our history, which have been successfully accomplished in another, are to be classed indiscriminately with the obstructives of late date. In the second place, we must remember that legislation cannot, here at least, travel very much faster than the popular intelligence; and that public opinion was decidedly adverse to emancipation. There will of course in every community be a small party who act as the pioneers of public opinion. But it is questionable how far, in a country like England, it is expedient for the Sovereign to belong to it. But, however this may be, it cannot be said that the friends of the Romanists took the right way to convert George III. to their opinions, by continuing to stigmatise his own friends with the epithet of Jacobites.

We offer the above remarks as a kind of general commentary on the political views expressed by Mr. Massey. We may think that George III. was either attempting to revive an obsolete and unconstitutional system of government, and that his colonial and domestic policy were the natural results of this temper of mind—or that he was merely re-assuming those functions which the constitution conferred on him, but which his two predecessors had from peculiar circumstances been compelled to drop, and carrying out a popular policy in opposition to the wishes of his Nobles. On the first hypothesis he was one of the worst, on the second one of the best, of English sovereigns. In favour of the first we have really no evidence at all, beyond the concurrent abuse of those whom he removed from office. In favour of the second we have, besides the testimony of Lord Brougham, the undoubted fact, that during his reign Bolingbroke's idea was actually realised, and for sixty years "the King of Great Britain was the most popular man in his country."

The time in fact has arrived when we can afford to take a dispassionate view of this epoch. There is so little in common between our political differences at the present day and those of eighty years ago that the most thorough Liberal can honestly admire Lord North, and the staunchest Conservative consistently adore Mr. Burke, who were at that time the bitterest antagonists. And so, all reflecting men, whether Liberal or otherwise, have begun to see that they cannot fairly judge any past period of history, unless they can as it were throw themselves behind it, and discover the springs of that conduct, of which we now only see the effects. If we look at history from our present standing-ground, we are but like Sir Roger de Coverley looking at a play from the front, and supposing it to be all real. We think this actor a villain, and the other a very fine fellow. And it never occurs to us that both will presently be fraternising over a quart-pot, and speculating on a rise in their salary. Yet so it often happened in King George's company. And we fancy that monarch must have laughed in his sleeve, as often as he did not cry, at the hollow protestations of patriotism and purity which resounded all about him.

Metaphor apart, the story of our consti-

tution, like a lady's story, is full of digressions, repetition, and episodes. But it must work itself out in its own way, and in its own good time. If, as Pope says of the Universe :

"There must be somewhere such a rank as man," so may we say of English history, there must have been somewhere such a reign as George III.'s. It is useless to quarrel with the part allotted to him. All we have to ask is, did he play it well? Impartial men, looking at the eighteenth century as a whole, noticing the particular stage which parliamentary government and popular opinion had then reached, will hardly, we think, answer the question in the negative.

We turn, not unwillingly, from the political features of Mr. Massey's volume to the animated sketches of society and manners with which it is largely interspersed. The literal truth of the following pages will be acknowledged by any one conversant with the light literature of the period :—

"To Ranelagh, visitors from the country and foreigners always repaired, to see the world of London and English society. Many persons, who did not venture into other public assemblies, found nothing objectionable in the Rotunda at Chelsea. Dignified clergy, statesmen, philosophers, authors, here mingled with fops, fine ladies, country gentlemen, city people, apprentices, kept-mistresses, highwaymen and thieves. But these assembly-rooms, though open to the public, were, to a certain degree, kept select by the price of admission; and spacious well-arranged halls, where people could walk about without inconvenience or restraint, meet their friends, and see a variety of manners, while conversation was relieved by brilliant music, must have been far more agreeable than the modern fashion of crowded assemblies at private houses, or formal concerts at which no voices must be heard but those of the paid, or still worse, perhaps, of the unprofessional performers. But there were other assemblies a century ago, for which even the dreary dissipation of 1857 is a happy exchange. We have abandoned, I hope for ever, the manifold profligacy of Vauxhall, Cornelys's, and the Pantheon. The gardens on the Surrey side of the river were frequented by persons of fashion up to a recent period; but no person now living has witnessed the debaucheries which were of nightly occurrence at Vauxhall from the time of Queen Anne to an advanced period of the reign of George the Third. The boxes were scenes of drunkenness and riot. The dark vistas and secluded alleys were infamous for still more heinous vice and crime. A lady, who, by a chance which frequently occurred, lost for a few minutes the protection of her party, was in imminent danger of insult or even outrage. Young women of every condition were, in every place of public resort, unless vigilantly watched, exposed to impertinence from persons who, by social position, were entitled to be called gentlemen. In nine cases out of ten, indeed, such advances would not be met with resentment; and when it happened that a gallant was so unfortunate as to encounter a lady to whom his insolent addresses were unacceptable, it was not without the greatest difficulty that she could escape from her incredulous persecutor. The lessee of Vauxhall made an attempt, in 1764, to retrench the debauchery which made it scandalous, if not unsafe, for any decent woman to enter the gardens. He closed the secluded walks, and lit up the recesses; but the young gentlemen of fashion, resenting this invasion of their licence, immediately tore down the barriers, and put out the new lights.

But besides these ordinary places of amusement, there were assemblies appropriated to the pleasures of people of quality. Of these, the principal were Almack's, Cornelys's and the Coterie. At the first, high play was the principal attraction. Mrs. Cornelys kept a house in Soho Square of a very exclusive character, but of questionable reputation. Masquerades and operas

were the ostensible amusements; assignations were the real business of this establishment. Mrs. Cornelys was prosecuted, in 1771, under the Licensing Act, and she was convicted as a rogue and vagabond for having had an opera performed before people of the first fashion, who paid a guinea each for their tickets. This uncouth interference of the law was highly resented by the patrons of these amusements, and had the effect for a time of rendering her house still more attractive. But the open licence of manners reached, perhaps, its utmost limit at the institution of the Coterie. This was a mixed club of ladies and gentlemen, the ladies balloting for the gentlemen, and the gentlemen balloting for the ladies. It was composed exclusively of people of the highest fashion, and the numbers, therefore, were limited. Such a breach of delicacy and decorum was almost too flagrant for the coarse taste of that day. The Coterie became the subject of satire in every form; and the lampoons, both in prose and verse, to which it gave rise, were of so gross a character, that it is difficult to understand how a woman, who retained any self-respect, could continue, or be suffered by those who had control over her to continue, a member of such an association. This period may, perhaps, with some degree of accuracy, be fixed as that at which the depravity of manners reached the extreme point. For the preceding thirty or forty years, the relaxation of moral and religious restraint had been on the increase. Unless we are to discredit the concurrent testimony of the pulpit, the press, the stage, the records of courts of justice, private letters and tradition, which has hardly ceased to be recent, it is manifest that the depravity of manners in this country, from the accession of the House of Hanover to the end, at least, of the first ten years of George the Third, was not excelled in the decline of the Roman empire, or in the decay of the old French monarchy. The marriage tie was treated with levity by people of the highest rank and fashion; and many wives, as well as husbands, lived in almost open disregard of their marriage vows. Incontinence was by no means rare among unmarried ladies of good family, and appears not to have materially prejudiced their matrimonial prospects. The facilities afforded by the numerous public places of resort tended mainly to encourage licentious intercourse, and for that reason were denounced by almost every writer and speaker who inveighed against the profligacy of the times. The Bishop of London, in his charge to the clergy, in 1750, denounced the places of diversion as mere places of assignation; and in a debate upon a Divorce Bill, in the House of Commons, twenty years later, the reformation of manners was pronounced to be hopeless so long as Almack's, Cornelys's, the Coterie, and other places of rendezvous of a similar character were suffered to exist."

The magazines and newspapers of the day team with testimonies to the accuracy of Mr. Massey's picture. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* we read the story of a young married lady who, being separated from her friends at Vauxhall, was inveigled into his carriage by a masquer, conveyed into a house in the neighbourhood and outraged with complete impunity. There is no reason to doubt that the author of this story felt just as much bound not to violate probabilities as any writer in *Blackwood* or *Fraser* at the present day. A little further on too, Mr. Massey supplies us with a hint that may serve to explain the facilities with which such crimes were perpetrated. "Incontinence among unmarried ladies," says he, "was by no means uncommon." And we may depend upon it that, for one lady who resented such treatment as the above, twenty would have acquiesced in their fate with the most unchristian resignation. The consciousness of this fact at once emboldened the criminal and silenced the complaints of his victim, who felt perhaps that, after all, a disclosure might only betray her

misfortune without begetting faith in her resistance. Nor are proofs wanting that Mr. Massey's assertion is in the main correct. We need point only to Mr. Thackeray's character of Lady Maria Esmond, to show what took place when George II. was king. Nor was it till his grandson had been on the throne nearly twenty years that any great improvement took place. In the *Lady's Magazine*, a publication of universal popularity, continued down to the beginning of the present century, we are not unfrequently entertained with stories of young ladies and their lovers, which are certainly not stories of seduction. This inflammatory style of fiction, if no counterpart to it had previously existed in real life, could hardly have failed to produce one in a society that perused it with eagerness. If these were the manners of the aristocracy, and we do not see how to disbelieve it, previous to the French Revolution, it must be admitted that a somewhat high price was paid for that wit, elegance, and vigour from which their descendants are said to have degenerated.

Property moreover was just as precarious as chastity, and reputation as property. The fair frequenter of Ranelagh, escaping without loss either from fops or foot pads, wakes in the morning perhaps but to find herself ruined in a pamphlet. Every newspaper contains almost daily accounts of robberies perpetrated on gentlemen and ladies returning from these suburban haunts; and on the subject of the Press, let us listen to Mr. Massey once more—

"To say that the Press was in these days chiefly sustained by libel, is merely to repeat that the taste of society was depraved. Literature, in a highly artificial state of society, is as much a matter of demand and supply, as any other article of trade and commerce which is dependent on the caprice of fashion. Slander and satire being called for, are produced as readily as low dresses and short petticoats are produced when called for by the arbitrators of millinery. To praise or blame the morality or immorality of journalists, as the case may be, is, therefore, to fall into the common error of mistaking effect for cause. If the public desire to be instructed on the topics of the day, men of character and education will come forward as public instructors. When party spirit runs high, an inferior class of journalists finds employment. Unscrupulous mercenaries and disappointed adventurers, who will affirm what they know to be false, or pervert what they know to be true, are the writers to serve the turn. At this period there was little or no demand for the higher order of political writing. Party spirit, outside the walls of Parliament, was so languid, that the public no longer cared to read how the ministry were saving or ruining the nation. Pamphleteers, who appealed to the country on the alarming crisis of affairs, appealed in vain. But tracts which gave the secret history of the Princess Dowager's intrigues with the Earl of Bute, or the private life of the Duke of Cumberland, met with a good sale. The public were much more interested in the domestic history of a public man, than in his political character and conduct. Several periodical publications ministered almost exclusively to the demand for gossip and scandal. And these papers paid their contributors more liberally than the respectable journals. No great skill or talent was required to please the taste of the public. Their appetite was not nice, and their credulity seldom rejected any fable, however gross."

Our readers will at once recollect the character of Mr. Puff in the *Critic*—and the style in which an intrigue between Sir Flimsy Gossemer and Lady Fanny Fête was manufactured for the newspapers.

We could have wished to give further extracts from this very entertaining chapter,

but our space forbids us. We trust, however, we have conveyed a sufficiently fair impression of the whole volume. Mr. Massey is a respectable historian, and would have been more than a respectable writer, had his chapters on society been published twenty years ago. At the present day, however, the art of composing in the style of Lord Macaulay has become almost as much a knack, as composing in the style of Pope had become in the days of George III. The chapter from which we have here made extracts is to the celebrated chapters in Macaulay's first volume, what Hook's *Tasso* is to Pope's *Homer*, and whatever praise has ever at any time been awarded to the former gentleman, that much we are abundantly willing to award to Mr. Massey. We look forward to his succeeding volumes with interest, though without impatience, and trust he may be able to finish them as quickly as he himself anticipates.

*Laughton Manor House; or, Love and its Shadows.* A Sketch by "Puss in the Corner." (London: Saunders & Otley, 1858.)

NOTWITHSTANDING its unpretentious title, size, and appearance, the single volume novel before us is in many respects a really remarkable book. It is remarkable as being the production of more hands than one (or than two, as we guess), and those hands all, or most of them, the fair hands of ladies—young ladies (are we wrong again in guessing?) and (in one instance at least) very young ladies : remarkable for the simplicity of its inscription, "To our Mother, with the united love of the Authors :" remarkable further (again we are guessing) for being mostly sketched from the life, for there is an unmistakeable freshness and truthfulness about most of the characters, which belong only to delineations of persons actually known to the author, and reproduced before his mind's eye by an effort of memory at the time of writing : remarkable, moreover, for an extraordinary inequality of style, owing doubtless in great measure to the fact of the work being the production of several hands, but partly also to a very questionable effort of a spasmodic or intermittent kind, to introduce a little "fast" writing, by way we suppose of condiment : and remarkable, finally, for a greater number of slovenesses in style, syntax, and spelling than usually fall to the lot of the literary efforts of ladies, or even the Horse Guards. The chief merit of the book consists in the skill, spirit, and truthfulness with which the natural characters are drawn, and the real hearty honest tone which peeps out ever and anon through and in spite of the veil of affectation, or needless flippancy, or lady-dandyism, which most unnecessarily disfigures and shades the work.

*Laughton Manor House* is "a large rambling mansion of red brick, having a huge porch or vestibule over the front door, and curiously mullioned windows on each side which opened to the ground, and formed a favourite mode of ingress and egress into [and from] a light pretty drawing-room and a dining-room furnished with massive walnut wood, and hung round with family portraits. The library, whose windows were to the west and back of the house, was well worthy of its name ; stocked with folios and cobwebs, and wainscotted with black oak to match with the hall and staircase ;" and it stands "in decidedly the flattest part of one of the

Eastern Counties, which are often [most righteously] considered as possessing some of the most uninteresting scenery in England." Notwithstanding which the authors claim some admiration for "Laughton, with its pretty village, its clear-shining river winding like a silver thread through green fields, of which the worse [worst] that could be said was, that they were sometimes a little marshy, and the large park with venerable trees surrounding the manor house, between which and the village stood the church, like a guardian spirit of the scene." Nor are the warm home pictures which are drawn of the interior of the old manor house less attractive and pleasant than that just quoted of its exterior. The family of the Thornhills who live there are an "interesting family," of whom the head, Lady Margaret, with her "fine clear-cut features, high forehead, around which was arranged in curls of the olden fashion, hair which time had but faintly touched with grey, and an expression which seemed derived from a long line of ancestors, whose names might be found in the Doomsday book, or in the roll of Battle Abbey," is a very fine portrait of an English matron of high degree—a little stately and stiff, but full of warm, honest impulses, and hearty care for her family, enriched and chastened by a large fund of sterling sound sense. There is a family of daughters, of whom the eldest, having married before the story begins, is of course of no use in it. Ada, the heroine, a high-spirited young lady, the life of the family, and a flirt; Maude, the second heroine, with a pre-occupied air and cold manner, which, among her sisters gain her the nickname of the "discreet princess," and to the experienced novel reader, suggest the existence of a "silent sorrow," and with justice; Ellen, a fair girl of eighteen; and Amy the baby, five years younger, "and what the youngest always is, a warm-hearted little thing, a kind of pocket sunbeam, a domestic fairy, unrivalled at the piano, except by Ada, and the best gardener, milliner, music-copyer, and contributor to the family album in the house." And there is a brother Harry, of whom it is unnecessary to say more.

Ada is, as has been hinted, seriously addicted to the lady-like vices of flirting and jilting, and had commenced early, for young as she is she has a way of "shrinking tremblingly back into the past, as the star lingering on the horizon at the dawn of day shrinks before its lustre into the bosom of night," and of finding its "quiet shades haunted by a presence with which were associated happy sunshiny days, and mirth and clear ringing laughter, a period which seemed a mere episode, like some childhood's tale, when a fair-haired boy would ramble for hours and hours to bring her flowers, or lie at her feet singing, or reciting poetry in a low rich-toned voice, and speaking of the future, which, like a line of light, lay before them—and then a period of loneliness when the same boy went away over the blue sea, on whose shore they lingered and never returned;" but the fair-haired boy had really won

"The priceless treasure of a maiden heart ;"

and so much the maiden confides to the fine fellow of "rough mastiff-like appearance," and somewhat stern, cold manner, whom in the end she marries—confides it to him in a scene which is as good as anything in the book.

"Speak kindly to her now, Alan, though those

bright tears are dropping fast for thy rival, be generous—the grave has cancelled that, it is in memory only that she weeps for him. Do not the bright waves roll over him, as he rests calmly among the coral caves, and shells, and sea-weed ?"

The next on Miss Ada's list is a certain Lord Mamby, the comic man of the drama, bearing a slight resemblance to one of Mr. Charles Dickens's "gratuitous fools," only differing from them in being a gentleman, and reclaimable. He has taken to the mournful practice of studying his health. "Some (?) of his lungs were always wrong, and his head and heart seemed never able to agree as to the precise number of beats the latter ought to give a moment. He never left the house without an accumulation of great coats, under which another man would have fainted, and was a perfect connoisseur in respirators, chest-preservers, and woollen mufflers ;" such men one occasionally—rarely we are happy to be able to substitute—meets in wanderings over the face of the earth ; men who, if not roused into common sense by some startling and imperative incident, such as marrying a sensible woman for instance, sink into poor hypochondriac valetudinarians at last, and almost cease to be men at all. There is another such character in one of Mr. Kingsley's novels (which is it?), of whom a strong-minded neighbour on whom the invalid calls to pour out a woeful tale of dismal forebodings, very happily asks, "Well, what is the matter with you, and what is it you want, beer or camphor julep ?"

A third admirer is one Alan Childerstone, an astute, rough, strong-minded, and not over refined young lawyer. A real good fellow at heart, but wearing an exterior disfigured by some blemishes of which, an inconsiderate habit of saying things in a way to hurt people's feelings very needlessly is the most prominent.

We may dispose of Miss Ada and Alan by using the good old-fashioned phrase—they married and lived happily.

Maude, too, has her lover—but no one except the reader, and not even he until after a good deal of preparatory mystery, knows who or where ; but we find out that he is one Ernest Rivers, who for reasons is a student at Heidelberg, a German metaphysician, a half misanthrope, a sort of Sir Charles Coldstream, who can see nothing in anything. Between these two and the successful course of their true love, come the ugly shadows of the bad man and woman of the piece, one Mr. Storley and an early victim of his, Rachel Johnstone. The former having by an accident become master of Maude's secret, sets to work, for reasons hardly made sufficiently powerful to account for so Satanic a course, to undermine and spoil the fabric of the lovers' attachment, and in this he is ably seconded by the female demon his accomplice—all this part of the story is well worked out. Storley, villain and snob though he be, is not utterly insensible to the inflictions of conscience. He is alone in his room on a wild stormy night, he cannot sleep, and his nerves are not in the best possible order. "He had not, like Ernest and Von Oldenberg, a philosophical belief in supernatural appearances, and his mind was not sufficiently refined for those spirits of remorse which in the midnight hour commonly haunt their victims ; yet in that hour did he feel that mental retribution inflicted by the delicate anatomy of the nerves upon such as violate the purity of their mental [query, moral] life. \* \* \* His was a wicked

mind, but it was also a coarse one, and had a rude strength of its own, which enabled him to go through scenes and acts of infamy under which another would have sunk. Yet Mr. Storley was a coward. There were men whose honour and happiness he was secretly contriving to undermine, whom he dared never to have met face to face; and there were things which he dared not encounter in his chamber at night—old ghost-stories—nursery memories. Thoughts like horrid dreams, would come back when he was forced to be alone. To-night he was more than usually nervous, [and] having first locked his door and carefully examined his apartment, he peeped into a closet of Lady Margaret's, where sundry gigantic bundles of old clothes always looked as if they might conceal something behind them, stirred the fire till the blaze almost endangered the chimney, and sitting down opposite to it with his heavy boots resting upon the highly-polished fender \* \* \*

"How the wind roared and shrieked down the chimney, and tossed the giant arms of the large trees round his window, tearing away broken branches and dead leaves, and dashing them at intervals against the window!—and how the candle flickered and flared, and threw queer spectral shadows on the wall and ceiling, and at last sunk suddenly down in the socket and expired, leaving him in the glimmering fire-light, shuddering at the ticking of a spider in the wainscot!"

"Oh, retribution! retribution! Oh, the judgment seat in his own mind! Even Ernest and Maude would have pitied their enemy, as he hastily flung himself into bed, without a prayer to Heaven, or a kindly remembrance of one human being."

"Perhaps—for the ways of Providence are not as our ways—he was not even then unwatched by Higher Influences. The return into the 'road that leads to immortality' might be practicable—easy, though he had wandered far from that pathway of the Saints. Even on that night, in some indistinct dream of former years, he might have been again a little child, learning at his mother's knee a book which did not then seem full of denunciations, but of words of peace and love, and in half-awakened reverie have sighed that it was but as a long-forgotten dream."

Eventually Mr. Storley induces the daughter of a family of Melroses to elope with him, rather unnaturally compelling his early victim Rachel to assist him in the plan, and leaving her only the poor consolation of securing the services of a real clergyman for the marriage ceremony instead of the mock one whom we are left to infer the villain meant to employ. Once abroad and the immediate purpose of his marriage accomplished, Storley neglects, maltreats, and finally strikes his wife, who leaves him, after resisting the temptations of an insidious scoundrel, and returns to England to bring into the world a miniature Florence, and die broken-hearted. All this is exceedingly well done.

Meanwhile the misunderstanding and mistrust between Maude and Ernest are removed through the Quixotic self-denying and untiring efforts of an honest little German student, one Von Oldenberg, whom Ernest had helped out of confinement in prison for political causes, and who allies himself to a travelling photographer, and journeys all over England taking portraits, and looking keenly about for his friend's Maude. His perseverance is rewarded by accidentally finding the object of his search, and this pair of lovers is also made happy. Lord Mamby, too, attains to a similar consummation by forgetting his admiration for Ada, and marrying her sister.

Such is the outline of this very good but very gossiping tale, or sketch, as its writers properly term it, and we have in the course of it introduced a few extracts, that our readers may judge for themselves of the style; we add one more as a specimen of the authors' talent in depicting what is called low life; for fidelity it may challenge comparison even with the immortal Sam Weller. It is the conversation in the servants' hall on the morning of Miss Melrose's elopement.

"You're too busy with your hands, Betsy," said cook—"you can't let my windows alone, but must go and take that there bolt out of the shutters, so down they came upon my head, when I went to undress them."

"I'm sure I didn't, may I never, if I did!"

"How can you use them bad words," said Mary, "and that there sperrit about too. I wonder you ain't afraid, telling them wicked falsehoods."

"No, 'taint," said Betsy, "because I didn't do it—I know I didn't."

"It must have been the same sperrits as took the hoses," said Mary—"Why lawk, James!" she exclaimed, as the under-groom entered the room—"how bad you do look! has the sperrit been to you too!"

"I'se sure I don't know," said James, "I only know I feel surprising bad in my head. I suppose Watson have had his breakfast?"

"Yes," said Mary, "and is gone wi' Mr. Harry, to see arter that sperrit that come and took the hoses last night."

"Anything lost?" said James, waking up at the word horses.

"No; they've com'd back," said Mary, "but in a wonderful queer state, like."

"Why, sure!" said James, and that worthy proceeded to eat a better breakfast than from appearances one would have thought possible. The other servants, with the exception of Betsy, dispersed.

"I say James," began the under housemaid, as soon as they were alone, "the hoses isn't lost, but something else is."

"Who's?" said James, speaking with his mouth full.

"Two somethings," said Betsy, "but promise you won't tell no one—Miss Florence Melrose and Mr. Storley!"

"Lost!" exclaimed James—"Who's been a losin' o' them?"

"Lady Margaret and the young ladies, and they've been a hunting for 'em all over the premises; and Master Harry's gone down to the rail, to look for them, and Watson is off to the gypsies."

"What's he gone there for?" said James; "have they been stealing them?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Betsy, "but that's what I heard Master Harry tell him, and thin's I, sure them wicked creatures hain't been a murdering he."

"They might a murdered a better," said James, coolly; "but what's gone o' the young lady?"

"Dead and buried, perhaps, by this time," said Betsy, "and both on 'em a covered over with leaves, like the Children in the Wood."

James didn't seem at all inclined to imagine such a case, he only gruffly observed—"I suppose I'd best go and look arter the horses."

"No! Oh! stop a minute!" cried Betsy, "I feel so frightened! and if you leave the kitchen all alone by itself, who's to stand afore the door when them vagrants comes round. One was here yesterday, a calling out for kettles to mend, and no doubt he wanted Mr. Storley."

"Nonsense, Betsy," said James, consoling her somewhat after the same style as Harry did Edith—"Don't you go for to worry yourself, there'll be nobody a hurtin' o' ye."

Betsy seemed to think there might be two opinions about that, and sitting down on the window-seat held up her apron to her face, and began a sort of hysterical noise, like a violent fit

of weeping, only tears were not forthcoming, which had the effect she intended, of making James promise he would come back again soon to see whether she were not, as she expressed it, "a laying under the dresser with her throat cut from ear to ear with a carving-knife."

One word more about the sad slovenliness to which we have alluded; a few are apologised for in the *Envoi*, but in the course of our reading, necessarily somewhat hasty, we have marked more than two dozen more, e.g. "shudered;" "and she we need not describe;" "How often oh vain and deluded followers of, &c. \* \* \* how often art thou brought, &c.;" "setting down opposite;" "embarrasment;" "discovered my santon;" "narow minded," and so on. It will be well to look to these disfigurements of an otherwise very commendable book.

*History of German Literature, based on the German Work of Vilmar.* By the Rev. F. Metcalfe, M.A., &c.

*The German Classics; from the Fourth to the Nineteenth Century, &c.* By Max Müller, M.A., Taylorian Professor at Oxford. (Longman & Co. 1858.)

If there is any subject whose adequate treatment would seem at first sight to demand a reprisalization of the Benedictine Order, it is the history of German literature. Literature in Germany may be said to constitute nearly the whole national life. Into this channel all the energy of the Teutonic nature has been forced *bon gré mal gré*; and the result is a fecundity developed to the morbid excess of some ten million volumes per annum! He must be, one would imagine, a bold man who undertakes to unravel, to methodise, and to chronicle all the tangled thoughts, fancies, errors, and opinions of a murmuring host like this.

And yet Herr Vilmar has achieved the feat most admirably, and in a certain sense most efficiently, within the small compass of two octavo volumes—which two volumes the Rev. Mr. Metcalfe has, by judicious sifting and straining, actually reduced to one!

After this let no one doubt the possible *bona fides* of the Haymarket conjuror, who advertised his intention of getting into a quart bottle.

That Herr Vilmar's work should have won rapid popularity in a country where the *tour de force* under any and every form—in gymnastics, in metaphysics, in music, or in architecture—is held in high honour, cannot be matter of surprise. Still less can it be matter of surprise to any one who has made himself acquainted with the distinguished intrinsic merits of the work itself; who has recognised the rare union of erudition and conciseness, profundity of thought and clearness of expression, critical subtlety and fervour of imagination which characterise and adorn it.

Mr. Metcalfe's success in condensing at so moderate a sacrifice of its beauties as well as its information a work itself essentially condensed is no small merit, and one for which, to be candid, our perusal of his rather stiltified and strained preface did not quite prepare us. But besides taking exception at the preface as a miscreation, we must enter our protest against the title-page as a misnomer. The work on which Mr. Metcalfe's book professes to be "based" (a loose term enough, by the way, where the process has simply been condensation) does not call itself a "History of German Literature" but a "History of

German *National Literature*" (*Geschichte der deutschen National-Literatur*), explaining in its introductory lecture that "as it is in their *Poetry* that the national character of the Germans—body, soul, and spirit—has been most clearly and firmly stamped, so it is the *poetic* national literature of our people which will form here the principal subject of discourse." Accordingly Herr Vilmar's book is in strictness a history of German *poetic* literature alone—a circumstance obscurely enough indicated on his own title-page, while on Mr. Metcalfe's it is entirely suppressed. The omission is an imprudent one, for the first impulse of the student who looks in vain through the index of a "History of German Literature" for such names as Leibnitz and Spinoza, Heeren, Schlosser, Ranke, or Gervinus, will possibly be to reject the book unexamined as a delusion and a snare.

But even with this limitation Herr Vilmar's task was sufficiently Herculean, and the process by which it has been accomplished is well worth examining. This process is not peculiar to our author. It is indeed one which, especially since Gervinus's great work, is generally applied by our continental cousins to the treatment of this branch of history. The German literary historian treats the intellectual life of a nation as the ordinary historian does its political life. He regards literature as essentially the expression of social development in the æsthetical direction, just as commerce and industry express it in the material, religion in the spiritual, legislation in the intercommunal. Hence, in his hands a literary history, instead of being a mere catalogue raisonné à la Tiraboschi, becomes a connected narrative of the phases and revolutions of a nation's intellectual life, in which the exceptional few, who represent and re-act upon the age in which they live, play the parts of heroes and legislators, while their less prominent collaborators are grouped around them in due perspective and with careful reference to the class idea to which they belong. The literary *νόλοι*, give here but trifling embarrassment—only coming into notice during those revolutionary periods when some vast work of destruction renders mass a more important element of momentum than velocity.

This method of treatment—technically termed the "genetic"—enables the historian to present us in a comparatively small compass with a far more vivid and more truthful picture of a national literature than the old descriptive catalogue style could turn out. Unity, that potent aid to comprehension and memory, is attained. The figures on which the eye should longest rest are brought out in bold and striking relief, and instead of being the disconnected and wearisome decorations of a portrait-gallery, become the leading characters in a grand drama whose interest constantly heightens as the action modernises. The merit of developing this mode of treatment to a rigorous self-conscious method belongs unquestionably to Germany. In England it has never been attempted. A literary history indeed we do not, to our shame, possess. And yet the man who was the first to indicate the true point of view, and therefore the true method for such a work—the man who said, "Without literary history the history of the world seemeth to be as the statue of Polyphemus with his eye out; that part being wanting which doth most show the

spirit and life of the person," was not a German but an Englishman.

The literature of Germany presents the exceptional phenomenon of a double life—of two distinct classical periods, separated by an interval of almost complete intellectual coma.

The characteristics of the first period, which reached its zenith in the thirteenth century culminating in the *Niebelungenlied* and the poem of *Gudrun*, are love, tenderness, and fervour, expanding in the glow of a fresh and enthusiastic faith.

The second period, which dates strictly from the second quarter of the eighteenth century and finds its most perfect expression in the genius of Goethe, matures itself under very different auspices. The tenderness, the fidelity unto death of the first period, give place to the eager and restless assertion of individual independence; faith yields to criticism; spontaneity to self-conscious skill.

The authorship of the two great German epics, like that of most essentially national works, like that of the *Iliad*, like that of our mediæval cathedrals, like that of all popular ballads and songs, is unknown; and it is remarkable that in neither of them is there "a principal hero, properly so called." "The cause of this is to be sought," according to Herr Vilmar, "in the way in which these epics originated. They probably took their rise from a number of detached poems in honour of different heroes which, in process of time, would flow together into one great deep and majestic stream." Exactly the same origin, be it observed, which the German critics assign to the Homeric epos.

"The *Niebelungenlied*, in the oldest shape, in which it now exists, was committed to writing about the year 1210. As for fixing upon any person as its author, in the strict sense of the word, this is of course out of the question. What happened to the poem in 1210 was confined to writing down the current popular ballads and joining them together, with some slight embellishments. Twenty of these separate ballads were discerned by the late Professor Lachmann, who clearly pointed out all the additions made to the original text—additions which, with few exceptions, evince much skill and are evidently the work of a genuine poet. . . . About the middle of the last century two manuscripts of the poem were discovered by Bodmer at the castle of Hohenems in the Grisons. An edition of the whole was first produced by Müller, the Swiss, who received in consequence the following letter from Frederick the Great, "You have much too favourable an opinion of these things. To my mind they are not worth a charge of powder, and I'll have no such trash in my library."

The grand characteristic of the German epic is fidelity, mutual fidelity between the prince and his people. "Unless we keep this in view we shall fail to comprehend its meaning. In short, the greatness of the heroes so intimately depends upon the quality of faithfulness, that it may be said to be the poetical mainspring of the whole."

The stream of poetry in the *Niebelungenlied* says our author, "pours headlong, impetuous, foaming, and bellowing through the rocks, while in the poem of *Gudrun*, it glides clear and smooth, yet strong and deep through smiling verdant fields."

This poem is one of the North Sea Sagas—the only one extant. It was discovered about forty years ago in a MS. volume with several other epics which the Emperor Maximilian the First had caused to be transcribed and deposited in the Ambras Library,

in the Tyrol, where it lay forgotten during three centuries.

"Unlike the *Niebelungenlied*, where woman is pourtrayed in all her most transcendent charms, but afterwards becomes all that is fearful and horrible, the character of the heroine Gudrun is exalted and gentle throughout. In short all the characters from first to last, are sustained with a truth and fidelity not to be surpassed." This distinction between the poems is probably due to the influence of Christianity, and seems to assign to *Gudrun* the later date.

As the concentrating influence of royalty makes itself felt through the social fabric, German literature gradually loses its national complexion, and the art-epics, the tales of the court poets, spring up. The legend of Charlemagne, of "the holy Grail," and of King Arthur, are the earliest of these, and reflect the influences of chivalry and the Crusades. Later, as erudition begins to smother imagination, we have the elaborations of antique poems and sagas, such as the story of the Trojan War, which appeared in a multiplicity of shapes; that of "Aeneas," after Virgil, by Heinrich von Veldekin, the father of Middle-High-German poetry; and of "Alexander the Great;" and later still, as a result of the monkish monopoly of erudition, the legends of saints, followed by the metrical chronicles and historic poems.

"But ancient heroic poetry which sings the deeds of a whole people out of the mouth of a whole people, is always succeeded by a poetry which is the expression, not of a nation's feelings, but of the feelings of an individual; a poetry which does not describe deeds but sensations and feelings, the joys and sorrows of an individual heart. If these feelings are such as have moved the hearts of all, though they are described by one, then we have the popular lay or 'Volkslied.' If they are the exclusive experience of a single person, then we have the art-lyric or *Minne* poetry, which was so universally cultivated in the spring-time of German song."

"*Minne*" signifies "the silent longing thought on the beloved one, whose name the lover does not venture to pronounce. It is perfectly pure, tender, profound, and essentially German. One chief charm of the *Minne* poetry is its youthful simplicity and diffidence. A sympathy with the ever-changing scenes of nature is another mark of its juvenile emotions; but this is totally distinct from the morbid sentimentality and affected love of nature in some of the poems of the last century, which have been so admirably described by Werther."

Herr Vilmar distinguishes *Minne* poetry from its Troubadour contemporary by qualifying the one as essentially feminine, the other as essentially masculine. "All the vagaries of vehement reckless passion are the features of the latter in contradistinction to the gentleness, the hopeful yearning, the modesty and reserve of the former; whence it is clear that the one could never have been borrowed from the other."

During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries we find a poetic desert. The House of Hapsburg denied to literature that generous patronage which had been extended to it by the Hohenstaufen dynasty, and the minstrels who sought Rudolf's court went away poor and neglected. The impulses and the ideal aspirations awakened among the nobility by the Crusades gradually died out. War and discord, plague and famine swept in succession over the doomed land, and amid the consequent predominance of selfish feelings, imagination and its delicate efflo-

rescence speedily withered away. " Forgetful of their sacred calling, the clergy went beyond the laity in sensuality and egotism. The two pillars of German poetry, truthfulness and Christian faith, tottered; and with them the graceful structure that had been raised upon them."

Among the various causes enumerated by our author as contributing to this poetic decay, it is somewhat startling to find a prominent place given to the invention of printing!

"With this invention all was altered. The poet had no longer before him distinct persons, living faces, so to say, looking on him, respect for whom would make him careful what he wrote and what he recited. His critics now were a heterogeneous indistinct mass called the public, of whom he knew little and for whom he cared less. This contempt for his readers lasted till late in the sixteenth century. From that time to the present, poetry became a mere matter for the eye, something to be read; whilst, before the days of printing, it was an affair of song and recitation—a poetry instinct with life and worthy of the name. The world would never have had its *Iliad*, its *Odyssey*, and its *Niebelungenlied*, had the then race of men been acquainted with printing."

Few of our readers probably will accept this paradoxical view of the matter, which we do not by any means cite as a specimen of our author's profundity. Proofs of this latter qualification come abundantly to the hand; but in making extracts the great merit of the book—its "genetic" continuity—disappears; and in spite of the frequent pencil-mark, we must content ourselves with advising the reader to go to the fountain-head at once. Few books will better repay perusal, or leave clearer and more instructive reminiscences, especially if studied step by step with its valuable complement, Max Müller's admirable volume of selections. A book of this latter kind and class was much wanted, not only by candidates in competitive examinations, but also by students of German, and even by German scholars in general. The able Preface which opens the volume ought to receive the more attractive title of "Introduction" or "Preliminary View"—anything rather than its present unsympathetic appellation; and for a future edition we beg to suggest the advantage of an Index.

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#### POETS.

WITH a Parnassus of books of poetry—a mountain manufactured out of several molehills—claiming attention, it is difficult to know where to commence. In such a dilemma it seems not unfair to select the largest volume, which indeed might claim precedence for many better reasons. *The Poetical Works of Robert Story* (Longman and Co.) is—in one way—a remarkable book. Forty years of poetry look down upon us (dated 1816 to 1857), and all having sufficient merit of their kind to be acceptable. By whom the "kind" will be relished is another matter. The self-satisfied laurels of Mr. Tupper would doubtless curl with contempt at some of Mr. Story's hot lyrics. The yellow locks of Anna, the glowing eyes of Mary, and the charms that adorn Ellen and the rest, might tend to destroy the decorum of our proverbial and moraliser. Nor can we expect the admirers of the modern genius which is always quoting from a pocket firmament, to sympathise with Mr. Story's homely patriotism. To have the stream silver-gilt by a journeyman moon is to them of far more importance than the integrity of the Ottoman empire. Many others will object, and many more pass by unheeding, and yet the volume will command a sufficiently large public. And this because every line may be perfectly understood as soon as scanned. It is a volume full of good feeling and warm emotion, to the exclusion of all didactic thought. Even the reflection that exists—and sometimes with such glorious life—in illustration is not here.

Mr. Story tells us that he commenced life as a herd-boy: that "his Reverence" of Kirknewton, Northumberland, was in the habit of presenting a Watts' Songs to his most proficient pupils, but that he, Robert Story, obtained one as a favour. He was "literally charmed," and in seven days had got the whole volume by heart. What the flocks thought of him about this period may be "more easily conceived than described," and we can only sincerely wish for Mr. Abel Matthews, who is to "recite the twelve books of Milton's *Paradise Lost*" next Tuesday, as courteous an audience. But it is to be feared that "man's first disobedience" will be a lethargic demonstration which can only possibly terminate with "Providence their Guide." We beg pardon of Mr. Story. From so powerful a fountain-head as Dr. Watts, who could resist going with the stream? Not Mr. Story, who "breasted the blows of circumstance," and rose very superior at all events to his childhood's model. But the year of the Century, or about that period, was unfortunately not the best that might happen to a young man of strength insufficient to originate. Models of great fame were then in his way, and he unhesitatingly copied. And this is the curious feature that principally attracted us to the volume—that from first to last the author has never departed from those models. Burns was echoing amongst the Northern hills at that time, and his echoes are to be found, and very felicitously, in many of Mr. Story's early lyrics. Marys and Annas, with breasts as soft and locks as golden as any poet, free from prejudice as to his love's pro-sody, &c., need desire. We give two stanzas, not as imitations, but for their resemblance in simplicity of spirit.

The bloom is on the hawthorn,  
The green leaf's on the tree,

The king-cup gems the meadow,  
And the gowan stars the lea.  
I care na for the charms o' spring,  
Though fair these charms may be—  
My bonnie Craven lassie  
Is the dearest charm to me!

On yonder bank a blossom  
Is mirrored in the lake—  
The next will breeze that sweeps it  
The shadowy charm will break.  
But what wild breeze shall e'er efface  
The impress here of thee?  
My bonnie Craven lassie,  
Thou art wealth and fame to me!

Something may be traced also to Campbell's brilliant deeds of daring, and of sweetness in versification; and much to the less perfect performances of Moore—those of an easy measure, the long lines that will fill up with anything, whilst a few larger narrative poems show the great influence of Sir Walter Scott on the young writers of that time. But with these great names of his childhood Mr. Story's admiration ceases—at least we find no traces of later inspiration. Byron at once shook the great globe itself, but could not penetrate these Northumbrian fastnesses. It would be strange to expect that Wordsworth and Coleridge, Shelley and Keats, should have instantly arrested the worship of an obscure rustic, far away from the world of letters, hidden in the "heart of purple hills;" but in a few years, when the fame of these men

"Like a star,  
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are,"  
it seems strange that they should not have shared with weaker men the exercise of influence over a mind evidently open to receive impressions. But no: in youth Mr. Story acquired an idea of what poetry was, and did himself the injustice of never again considering the matter. So for forty and more years he has been writing love lyrics whenever he happened to be in love—which he seems to have contrived with curiously frequent repetition; and patriotic songs whenever the country's cause was critical—which it frequently was, owing to Reform Bills, Smith O'Brien, or the celebrated "turbulent and aggressive policy."

Mr. Story possesses the faculty of getting a perfect ring out of his verse. You instantly fall into the rhythm, and he never deceives by demanding the reader's acquiescence in a false quantity. But it is to be regretted that so much natural poetic taste and so much evident study should be lost in repetitions of the same themes, all of which cannot be read. And yet the good feeling, the love, the friendship, and the patriotism in turn—the records, frequently autobiographic, of a long life, collected towards the close, seem to disarm advise that might be severe, and we prefer to accept a large and closely-printed volume, as it stands. The fertility of the blackberry is an error only to the cultivated hot-house taste. We will conclude what we intend as a recommendation of the volume, by quoting Mr. Story's Fortieth Birthday Song, when he says, "I fancied myself old!"

"O! the heart is not so light  
In the wane of the day,  
And the eye is not so bright  
In the wane of the day;  
The ear hath duller grown  
For the swell of music's tone,  
And the dance's charm is gone  
In the wane of the day!  
"The sweet spring hath its buds  
In the wane of the day,  
When the primrose decks the woods.  
In the wane of the day;  
The mead is flushed with gold,  
And the lark is on the wold,  
But he sings not as of old,—  
In the wane of the day!  
"Yet I have some ties to life  
In the wane of the day;  
I've a fair and frugal wife  
In the wane of the day;  
And when round the evening hearth  
Mix my little band in mirth,  
I'm the happiest man on earth  
In the wane of the day!"

Our next book is again a big book, and the deceased author's friends have given him every disadvantage in the way of obsolete typography. But, although our eyes are not obsolete to match, but only medieval, we have arrived at something like the meaning. The book is *The Poetical Works of Alfred Johnstone Hollingsworth*,

vol. I. (C. J. Skeet), edited, with memoir, by Dr. Sexton, F.R.G.S., &c., &c. The editor ought to be well known—somewhere. Besides glorification of the editor, the memoir is intended to enlist the sympathies of the reader for Mr. Hollingsworth, not so much that he was a poet, as that he was the illegitimate son of some “elderly marquis” of the period. But poor Mr. Hollingsworth did not know this; although he knew that he was a great poet, and, in some prefatory fragments, calls all poets of acknowledged eminence “Asses.” This latter circumstance favours the belief that he might have known something of his progeniture—but concealed it: possibly because his revered and aristocratic parent was not a poet.

As frequently happens, the “fragments” are more readable than the prolonged effort. We quote two specimens, with a purpose:—

The Bible’s full of turn’d inverted phrase:—  
How shall men understand it in these days?  
Heaven help them! Shakespeare!—theo, High Milton too!—  
Thee, “Glorious John!” whatever will ye do?  
We really can’t, in our transcendent times,  
Put up with you, with your old song’d up rhymes.  
Thou, “Lulling Pope!”—and thou, old Churchyard Gray!—  
Thou, Ocean Byron!—Ye’ve all had your day:  
Lake Wordsworth taught us what ye madna ken;  
And all our guid Reviews have said, Amen.  
“The true, ye have a sign above your door;—  
A golden sign, ye never had of yore:  
Which makes us say forgive your stinking rhyme.  
‘Tis true, too, that ye’re very often read;  
That critics kindly call your verse “Sublime”  
Where’s never world to be if ye were not dead.  
But, after all, we’ll have to bury you;  
For none dare write now as ye dared to do;  
And this quoth Wordsworth, this quoth “Our Review.”

\* \* \* \* \*

I care sought for what wriggled Learning say;—  
For Latin Doctor’s frown, or critic’s dart.  
If I should die not with my feasting day,  
I’d live in every good old woman’s heart;—  
Be known to John the Boots, to Poll the Nurse,  
And judged by loving maidens of my land:  
Then, down with Mystics! Mine shall be the verse  
That men may study; children, understand.

The result of this fierce determination to rise superior to modern degradation follows—a story of the times of Harold, called *Childe Erconwolde*. The design and moral of this old story are good enough, but John and Poll will scarcely understand their Saxon clothing—the language which the author has studied hard, but at the expense of many years, and of all common-sense and good-nature. And writing a story in style and language which very few readers will understand or care for, that is variety. The memoir of Mr. Hollingsworth reminds us, in petulance, of that of Edgar Poe. The poets, however, are very different.

It is agreeable to turn from so palpable a mistake as the publishing of the last volume mentioned, to a little book of the highest promise—no, we will say, performance—by a living writer, *Corma, and other Poems*, by E. J. Reed. (Longman & Co.) Mr. Reed wrote them some years since; and prints them now—the principal poem in a fragmentary state,—because he is well employed, and has not leisure to perfect. But *Corma* is very welcome as it is, and might have been spoiled in the perfecting. It is needlessly long, although we do not consider terseness to be so essential in poems containing narrative passages. It is in illustration that terseness is necessary, because the image must be seen at once, or the mind will not follow the eye. But one of Mr. Browning’s lyrics in *Paracelsus* gives as much story and as much moral in two or three pages as Mr. Reed gives in forty or fifty. The poetic insight is in both, but the view of poetic art differs. Mr. Browning and Mr. Reed take extremes. Well does Mr. Reed describe (dramatically) a spirit fancying itself above itself:—

What were the ages gone, or what the arts—  
The sciences which grew to fulness in them?  
Are they for us to covet? Here and there  
A glimmering spirit straggles in the dark;  
And here and there Art lifts a shadow’d sign;  
And here and there a Science shouts to find  
A buried mammoth or a hidden moon,  
Some fiery comet slowly creeping round  
Among the galaxies, or a noon-day sun.  
Wash’d half-way round the world by an old flood.  
Or what to us are all the later gains  
Wrung by the banded nations of the dark.  
From Nature’s half-clenched hand with loud acclaim!  
For me their roaring cars of Commerce may

Dash through the hollowed hills with foam and fire :  
For me they may bantler old Time, and talk  
Across the continents with fires like those  
That burn among the thunders, and for me  
May flash their lightning message through the seas,  
Or whirl the flying torrents of the press  
From land to land, drenching the barren soils  
Where buried seeds of knowledge rot and die.

The melody of this blank verse needs no comment. If its beauties are not seen, we are addressing the wrong reader. The Tennyson tone it pervades all the volume—not as plagiarisms or imitations, but rather expressing a similarity of thought, a faculty for the abstract, perfect without flesh and blood—as in the following:—

#### AIM.

Let him before whose onward feet  
The mount of duty riseth still,  
Hasten to climb the holy hill,  
Though storm and flame about it beat:  
Let him who hath in love a lord,  
Serve his lord truly, nor complain  
E’en though the tyrant bid him drain  
The cup of hemlock at his word:  
Let him who caspeth in his hand  
The law and gospel of his God,  
Fulfil them, though he fall in blood  
Before the altars of his land:  
For better is the law, or love,  
Of faith, that bringeth noble death,  
Than that worst atheist’s creed which saith,  
“Man hath no aim, beneath—above.”

*The Strawberry Girl, &c.* (Longman & Co.), is by (Mrs.) H. M. Rathbone, authoress of *The Diary of Lady Willoughby*. Delicate infantine thoughts and Scriptural fancies are here written in a tone admirably adapted for childhood. They are such verses as a mother might teach to her children, to make them wise and good, without overburdening pliant shoulders and scarcely set limbs with the weight of serious polemics. They are not great as poems, but well known morals in an attractive form, and acquaintance with that medium should always be a part of childhood’s lesson.

Mr. John George Watts, who publishes *Clare, the Gold-Seeker* (Groomebridge), gives an autobiographical preface, which insures for him at least respect as a man. His volumes—this is his second—are the softer glimpses of a hard life; the recreations of evenings following days of toil, which the author has found *not uncongenial*. His lyrics remind us strongly of Mr. Gerald Massey, excepting that he does not take lines bodily from both the Brownings, Tennyson, and others. He writes principally of progress and domestic happiness. He enunciates his good aspirations in language always musical, though sometimes too tripping—we must use the only word; and this leads him into a common-place style, which, in an ungraceful compliment to the people, is known as “popular.” But Mr. Watts can do better than that—the occasional vein—as will be seen by two good verses taken from many:—

An easy task it is to tread  
The path the multitude will take;  
But Independence dares the stake,  
If but by fair conviction led.  
Then haste, truth-seeker, on thy way,  
Nor heed the worldling’s smile or frown,  
The brave alone shall wear the crown,  
The noble only clasp the bay.  
Go, worker for the public weal,  
When knaves combine, and plot and plan,  
Assert the dignity of man,  
Teach their dishonest hearts to feel.  
Still keep thy independence whole,  
Let nothing warp thee from thy course;  
And thou shalt wield a giant’s force,  
And wrong before thy foot shall roll.

A small volume, *The Fountains, &c.*, by Isobel C. Cholmeley (Skeet), suggests various recollections—no plagiarism—of Heinrich Heine. The *Fountain* is a successful attempt in a novel measure, and smaller pieces have graces well worthy of attention. *The Girl and the Roses* is an elegant deviation from the established Sonnet, and the translations are evidence of a poetic taste, seeking fresh channels for delight.

Good Protestants may afford to laugh at *Homely Rhymes* (Burns & Lambert), at least to regard them in sorrow rather than in anger. A more foolish and ill-advised piece of Roman Catholic blackguarding was never put forth. Cardinal

Wiseman, holding dominion over souls, ought to hold something else over the soul of an ignorant slanderer who can write thus of “A Miracle” (Spoken in the person of a converted Jew—converted to Billingsgate we presume):—

Unknown to us that British vice,  
Which gives its bread but for its price,  
Extracts the famish’d wretch’s whine,  
To trumpet up some new-born creed,  
Or says—“Its faith to us resign,  
And we thy child will clothe and feed:  
Our pharmacy stands open wide,  
Physicians hasten to thy side,  
With draughts thy burning tongue to cool;  
Say only that thou wilt attend  
Our meeting, and thy children send  
To our Industrial-School:  
Nay, if thou wilt not, like a fool,  
Recover as thou canst, my friend.  
O well the Souper sly capotes,  
Trives physic, money, food, and coals,  
To tempt a needy wretch to sell  
His babes, their Ragged-School to swell,  
That Slaughter-house of souls!  
What den of sin, too foul to name,  
That thrives on misery and shame,  
Plays better its interrupting game,  
Or boozes more laud from Jesus torn,  
In frenzies of their hole torn,  
Not since the voice of Blood was paid  
For Jesus to the Cross betray’d—  
The price that bought the traitor’s kiss,  
Was traffic infamous as this!  
The Victim vile, his Tempter worse,  
The Victim’s sad revenge,—to curse  
The hand that gave the horrid bribe,  
And all the vile soul-mongering tribe.

If our “Home” suggested “Thoughts” as blasphemous as these, we should make a point of being out as often as possible. Here is England’s version of the Catholic Soldier’s Child, after Inkermann, at school:—

They brought out the books to begin,  
And took up poor Johnny the first;  
But he said, No, it would be a sin;  
I’d say it, if only I durst.  
What! refusing to follow the laws!  
Must “the Rules of the House” yield to you?  
O then we will try with the taws,  
And poor Johnny was whipt red and blue.

Mr. Bubb, of New Bond Street, sends forth *An Ode on the Marriage of the Princess Royal*, by Edmund Ireton, B.A. Here is the best “chivalrous devotion to rank and sex” that has appeared since the “Glory of Europe” was extinguished for ever, couched in the most common-place language that has appeared since Horace’s “Art of Poetry” was translated to lure on the incapable. We like this line—

“Sweet lessons of love for the years to come.”

The poetic *Legend of St. Valentine* (Norwich: Cundall and Miller), has been put into very pretty prose for children by Mary and Elizabeth Kirby. It has taken two young ladies to effect this, and, as a consequence, has been doubly well performed.

We have reserved some horrors in the tragic form for closing. *Arnold, a Dramatic History*, by Cradock Newton (Hope & Co.), might have been good. Its author might do something good. It is akin to Faust and to Festus; but its aim is hopelessly obscure. However, it serves as a vehicle for good observation and sentiment in dialogue, without being in the least dramatic, and also for some lyrics which are occasionally excellent. Here is one which reads well, only the author enlists all the Seasons in his favourite pastime of destroying happiness.

ARNOLD (sings).

Wouldst thou be happy, maiden?  
Beauty’s pale bloom fades ‘neath life’s bitter breath;  
Love, lady, is tear-laden,  
And only perfect rest remains in death.

Vain is the young heart’s yearning,  
Its bright-hued passion-flowers time’s winter nips;  
Its love is unreturning,  
As weeping kisses dash’d upon dead lips.

More happy who reposes  
In death, ere all the light from life departs,  
As early dying roses,  
That die with dreams of summer on their hearts;

For all too quickly fieth  
That magic light life’s morn environing,  
Then in thine heart love lieth,  
Like perish’d violet on the breast of spring.

*Hanno, a Tragedy* (Saunders and Otley), was rejected at Covent Garden thirty years ago. Why print it now? It is singularly dull to read, and would be scarcely more lively under the care of

actors in bare legs and uncomfortable drapery. Originally it was the story of Virginius, and appears to have been twin-brother to Mr. Knowles's play. But the other brother was the bigger, and beat this out of the field, and Virginius, a Roman, was compelled to harlequinade into Hanno, a Carthaginian. Really, we do not know what to say to our author. It would be nice to offer it again to Covent Garden, and he would be offended at the suggestion of the Bower Saloon. We can only recommend him to withdraw it from publication until another very large patent theatre is built.

*The Vale of Rocks*, by Henry S. Price (Lacy), is a list of such curiously horrid crimes, perpetrated by such grim people in the time of the Reformation, that our present Criminal Code appears too weak to grapple with them. We trust that the second edition will be dedicated to her Majesty's Attorney General for the time being. *Benedick* would have found the occupation of devising sufficiently "brave punishments for them" a good post-prandial recreation.

#### YOUNG FRANCE.

##### II.

We last week gave a specimen of the plot, style, and general features of a novel of the modern realist school in France, a *successful* novel, be it known, and fathered by a popular writer.

We now proceed to indulge our readers with the outline of a tale of the romantic school (containing also a dash of realism, i.e. vulgarity and caricature by way of seasoning). This production, entitled *Une Histoire de Chasse*, is written by one Major Fridolin in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the first magazine in Paris.

At the opening of the story we are introduced with much wealth of detail to a certain gentleman with a classical name—Monsieur Cassius, if we remember rightly—who, as in the case of most of the personages in M. Champfleur's tale, has nothing, or next to nothing to do with it, and who therefore ought at least to take a modest place in the narrative. No such thing. M. Cassius, a snob and a fool of the purest water, ugly, vulgar, pretentious, and pre-eminently ridiculous, parades his fat person, his preposterous attire, his tumble-down "dog-car," his broken-kneed Rosinante "Stepper," his mongrel cur "Setter," his bad English, his mythic British sporting friends, his experiences in the Highlands where he never set foot, his Highland costume, and his generally preposterous and overdrawn absurdities before the reader in the most actively offensive manner throughout the whole book.

Having happily got rid of him for a little while, but only for a very little while, we become acquainted with the real character of the drama. There is a stone-deaf old Baron, filled with virtues and love of the chase, who having married his cook en secondes noces is ridden roughshod over by her till he dares not to call his soul or anything else belonging to him his own. As the dame in question is as low-born, as ugly, as vulgar, as ridiculous, and as affected as M. Cassius, who it is insinuated is extremely high in her good graces, and that, in addition to these charming qualities, she is a termagant and very much worse, as the sequel informs us, we are at a loss to guess how she became Mme. la Baronne de Laluzerte. However, *passons*. There is a Comte de Marmande, master of the estate of Le Soupizot, a charming youth, high-born, high-bred, handsome, rich, and amiable; a young sailor, M. de Kervey, who afterwards turns out, as we learn only by a mysterious and slightly unintelligible letter, to be somehow or other his brother; and a charming damsel, Anna, granddaughter of the old baron by his first wife.

All these personages meet together at a village fête, being already acquainted, and we find the charming count all attention and suavity to the baroness, and hail-fellow-well-met with Cassius.

They have their fortunes told, and the fortuneteller at sight of Kervey's hand is violently agitated, and declines to reveal the cause of his

disturbance. Bribes and threats, however, finally induce him to break silence, and he declares that he sees the hand before him stained with its owner's blood. Mingled amusement and sensation among the audience.

The whole party is invited by the Comte de Marmande to Le Soupizot next day, then comes a fête at the château de Laluzerte, and during these jinkettings we learn incidentally that the charming baroness having succeeded in driving away the mother of Anna so effectually that she never stopped till she got to the Antilles, we believe, where she became a widow, where Anna was born, and where she herself died, the orphan has been brought back in a French man-of-war in which Kervey is a lieutenant; thence, of course, an attachment, ending in an engagement.

Lo and behold, however, our friend, M. de Marmande, who must be as blind, by the way, as the baron is deaf, not to see the love-making going on under his nose, reveals to M. de Kervey in an extremely off-hand manner that Madile, Anna has taken his fancy, and that he means to honour her by making her Comtesse de Marmande.

"But," says the reader naturally, "our gallant lieutenant puts a speedy stop to the question by stating his prior claims." No such thing: he inquires of the count if he has spoken to the young lady—if he has any reason to think that his very lukewarm attachment is returned? To which our young nobleman calmly replies that he knows and cares nothing on the subject, but that of course the damsel will not be such a fool as to refuse a match so far beyond anything she has a right to expect. It will hardly be credited, but Kervey still holds his peace, and resolves to make the effort to give up Anna, of whose attachment he is assured, to his brother, whose affection for her is a slight preference, coming on the top of a reflection that it is time for him, having got slightly blasé and misanthropical, to marry and settle down.

Then comes a partie de chasse at Le Soupizot, whereat Cassius makes himself disgustingly ridiculous; and in consequence of some absurd adventures of his, too long to relate here, Kervey, handing Cassius' gun which he believes to be discharged to his brother, it goes off, and the charge is lodged in de Marmande's face. Here we have the prediction fulfilled. Kervey, now quite resolved on the subject of Anna, not only determines to give her up, but demands from her the singular proof of affection of her marrying his brother, who is hideously disfigured for life. She consents, Kervey takes his departure, and de Marmande marries Anna.

The wedding over, the baroness, from no particular motive beyond general malignity of disposition, resolves to destroy the peace of their ménage, and we have the probable result of a high-born, generous, and gifted young noble becoming wholly subjected to the influence of a woman as vulgar, as ridiculous, and as anti-pathetic in every possible way as she is palpably vile and wicked, and by her he is turned against a wife who possesses every charm and virtue, and who devotes herself to him without reserve.

But this degree of success is not sufficient for our baroness. She will not be satisfied till she can make de Marmande believe that his wife has designs on his life, and for this purpose she contrives a diabolical scheme. She procures poison, secretes, and then, in a tête-à-tête with de Marmande, discovers it in his wife's work-basket; thence she conveys it into some soup which waits for him, gives it to a favourite dog which she shuts up in the room, and arranges matters in such a manner that it shall be supposed Anna has poisoned the soup, and that the dog has accidentally got into the room, eaten it, and thus only saved the life of the husband.

De Marmande is convinced; he orders his wife to leave the house, listening to no explanations on her part; but his brother is less absolute on this point; he listens at the door through the whole interview, and then makes his appearance and attempts to justify his sister-in-law. A

tremendous scene ensues; de Marmande declares his persuasion that Kervey is Anna's accomplice, and commands them "*d'aller vivre heureux au sein de l'adultère.*"

At length, however, our deaf old baron fishes out the truth. Now guess, reader, what ensues. Of course the baroness is exposed; de Marmande falls at his wife's feet, she and Kervey are satisfied to enjoy the fruits of virtue rewarded, and all ends happily. Not a bit of it! No one *fait mine* to suspect the baroness the least in the world, and she continues to prosper: no explanation takes place between de Marmande, his wife, and his brother; but the count assembles a second partie de chasse, where Cassius again disgusts us with his proceedings, and de Marmande retires into a corner and quietly shoots himself, leaving his property and his blessing to Anna and Kervey, that they may marry and be happy all the days of their natural lives!

So much for the realist and romantic schools. Now for a specimen of the picture-of-manners novel, which is a sort of compromise between or rather a *mélange* of the two. "*Avocats et Meuniers*" is the title of the work in question, Paul Peret is the writer, and the *Revue Contemporaine* the periodical in whose pages it appears.

According to the now generally adopted custom, it commences with elaborate and utterly uninteresting details that have little to do with the story, or which are at best of such secondary importance that they might be disposed of in as many lines as there are columns devoted to them.

We are taken to a little out-of-the-way provincial town, Préy-le-sec, which has chiefly been inhabited time out of mind by pettifoggers and millers, who, also time out of mind, have been sworn enemies, and to the accounts of their quarrels and rivalries, and the origin and progress thereof, is devoted the first portion of the tale. Then we come to the heroine. She is a magnificently beautiful woman, of an imperial grandeur, calm and stateliness, aged thirty, and the irreproachable wife of a contemptible, venomous little *avocat*, whose only aim in life is to crush the millers as effectually as they crush the grain.

Cornélie, such is the name of our heroine, has a dangler, a certain Doctor Honoré, who, ever since her marriage, some ten or twelve years back, has devoted himself to cultivate the friendship of her husband, and with perfect success.

As we have said before, the mother of the Gracchi was not more stainless than her modern namesake is represented to be, and she treats the doctor, a thorough *mauvais sujet*, who has had a *jeunesse orageuse* (he calls her by the significant name of Elmire), with all due dignity. Nevertheless, he still maintains his place in the household, and is even constituted guardian to Elmire by her husband when, accompanied by her daughter (a child of ten or twelve years old), her sister-in-law, and the doctor's son, Lucien, she goes to spend some time at Port-Valin, a watering-place a few leagues off.

Now commences the complication of matters. The Doctor Honoré is in love with Cornélie; his son, a lame sickly lad in his teens, is similarly affected; and Monsieur Elias Coqueret, the heir of the richest of the miller families, also a hobbled-dehoc and a friend to Lucien, is in a desperate state about the sumptuous *avocat*. Lucien, why or wherefore we know not (observe, reader, the singular divertisements and consolations French lovers resort to—in books—when troubled with hapless passions), reveals to Cornélie his friend's adoration; whereat she, instead of treating the thing as the fancy of a boy and troubling her head no more about it, enacts the rôle of a tragedy queen, is loftily indignant with Lucien for daring to address such a confession to her, and falls desperately in love with a raw awkward boy, who might almost be her son!

They all meet at Port-Valin, and here the pattern wife and mother, despite the guardianship of the doctor, of Mademoiselle Célestine her sister-in-law, of Lucien, of her daughter; despite, also

the indignation of all the tribe of *avocats* and *avocates* there assembled, compromises herself so gravely—though of course she is spotless as ever, and to be regarded as the most touching and interesting and adorable of women—with the *blond* Elias that the doctor deserts her, Céleste goes off to warn her brother of the proceedings of his fair better-half, and Lucien withdraws from her society.

Cornélie at last gets frightened at her position, insists upon Elias starting for Paris, and herself returns to Précy-le-sec, where she arranges matters with the pettifogger, but declines to show herself any more or to receive the visits of the high society of Précy-le-sec. She also includes her daughter in this seclusion, sorely against Mademoiselle Claire's will, and we have for the next four or five years the edifying spectacle of this excellent wife and devoted mother resisting all the desires of her family to fulfil the duties of her position, and shutting up her house and her only child within it, that she may mourn at her ease over the collections of her love-passages with the miller lad.

In due time Elias returns, a sort of half-used up dandy, and they meet. We pass over the details of a quantity of village gossip in the way of municipal intrigues, battles, rivalries, trickeries, and hollow truces, that take place between the pettifoggers and millers during all this time, and simply state that Maître Dufresne, the husband of Cornélie, having failed to ruin the Coqueret family in law-suits, has made friends with them, with Elias himself more particularly.

What is the result of "Elmire's" fidelity?—that Elias proceeds from indifference to her to falling in love with her daughter. A match between the two is proposed by the Coqueret family, and Maître Dufresne and his daughter, who returns the tenderness of Elias and holds meetings with him in the shrubbery, accept the proposals.

And Cornélie—what course does this pattern woman pursue in such a dilemma? She deliberately, in order to put a stop to the match in which the happiness of her only child is concerned, accuses herself falsely to her husband, telling him that the suspicions caused by her imprudence of conduct at Port-Valin years ago were perfectly well-founded; but adds that, notwithstanding this, she has no objection to the match taking place when she is dead! And hereupon the mother's devotion breaks forth again by her setting to work to die as soon as she conveniently can manage it, having however again commanded Elias to vacate Précy-le-sec as soon as possible, which he consents to do.

She really for some time does her best to die, and shuts herself up in bed in a dark room, telling Lucien "*qu'elle fait l'essai de son cercueil.*" It seems however that the trial of such narrow lodgings is not in the long run found to be very satisfactory, and she begins to listen with a little more attention than at first to the remonstrances of Lucien, the only person who is admitted to visit her in her trial-tomb.

She is still however wavering between the choice of living and dying, when Lucien brings forward an argument that clinches the matter by informing her that *he* too has been in love with her all these years! *Cela suffit*; Elmire has found a substitute for the faithless son of flour, she decides that it would be quite a mistake to die for her daughter's convenience when she can have a lover of her own if she lives, so she abandons the temporary coffin and comes back to life again. In due time Elias marries somebody in Paris; Claire, after passing a few years longer in single blessedness, accepts one of the *avocats* with which the place swarms; and the tale winds up with this highly edifying and satisfactory conclusion.

As we said at the commencement of our remarks, these tales are not selected on account of any peculiarities they possess from among the mass of light literature the French press daily lays before its public. They are simply taken as chance examples of the style of novel written by the popular authors and read with satisfaction not only by the ordinary but by the more enlightened

public, and so far from being exaggerated specimens of the style in vogue they fall far short of the absurdities and immoralities often brought before us. For instance, we but a few days ago finished a tale, *Mademoiselle de Rerville*, by M. F. de Grammont, in which the heroine, a proud, beautiful, noble, and in every way charming heiress of modern times, promises to marry a man she knows to be a common swindler, on condition he will assassinate her stepfather, whom she suspects—*suspects* only—to have killed her father, a scoundrel of the first order, whose cruelty and brutality have almost proved her mother's death, in a duel. Just in the nick of time however her dying mother, to whom the damsel has behaved with every sort of undutifulness imaginable, reveals that it is she herself who, masked and in male attire, has killed her own husband; whereupon our heroine entreats her forgiveness on her knees, and throws herself on the neck of her innocent stepfather, one of the best creatures in the world, who has from her childhood shown her nothing but kindness, goodwill, and forbearance, in return for insult and murderous conspiracies. The mother dies, and the fair Isabelle, having made the *amende honorable* to her stepfather, who considers his intended murderer an angel despite her little designs on his life, retires to a convent.

In another notice we propose to give some specimens of and remarks on the writings of the *feuilletoniste*, properly so called, and of the moralist, how far properly so called we shall leave our readers to judge.

M. A. P.

#### OUR STATE PAPER OFFICE.

We are anxious to give as much variety as possible to the papers which we select for "Our State Paper Office." Last week we presented our readers with curious and interesting letters from the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Arundel. We have now selected three or four which relate to a most eventful period in the life of Marie de Medicis. All our readers are more or less familiar with the history of this beautiful queen, this unfortunate princess, this unhappy mother. They have doubtless read of her early brilliant career, of her later sad misfortunes, and of her struggles with her powerful rival Cardinal Richelieu, which ended in her defeat, detention, and final exile. Neglected and forsaken, the widow of Henry IV., the mother of the King of France, the step-mother of three reigning Sovereigns, died at a time when all Europe was watching the mighty struggle that was taking place in unhappy England, little cared for, and still less thought of.

The letters, which are in the hand-writing of Sir John Coke, who was Secretary of State to King Charles I. for nearly fifteen years, are addressed to Balthazar, afterwards Sir Balthazar Gerbier, King Charles I.'s agent at Brussels. They were previously submitted to the king for his approbation, who has largely corrected them. The corrections written by the King himself, are enclosed in brackets.

We will say a few words by way of introduction, and glance at the causes which led to the arrest of the Queen-Mother at Compiègne, and her flight to Brussels, and the reasons which influenced King Charles in sending these despatches. We wish it, however, to be borne in mind that our remarks are wholly drawn from the original despatches of the English ambassador in France, and other documents in the State Paper Office.

Our readers will remember that upon Henry IV.'s assassination by Ravaillac in May, 1610, Marie de Medicis became regent of France, that disputes between her son Louis XIII. and herself soon unfortunately became frequent, and that in May, 1617, she retired to Blois, in consequence of Louis XIII. having resolved to govern his kingdom without her assistance. An accommodation was, however, happily managed by the afterwards celebrated Cardinal Richelieu, and signed at Brissac on the 16th of August, 1620, when she returned to Paris. It was soon after this event that the Queen-Mother commissioned the great Flemish artist Rubens to paint those mag-

nificent series of pictures illustrative of her life, which now adorn the Louvre. But fresh intrigues and differences became soon apparent. The Queen-Mother's enmity to Cardinal Richelieu, who was steadily gaining power and position; her continual quarrels with her son, who on one occasion took offence because she refused to go to his mask; and the Cardinal's influence with the king, soon brought matters to a crisis. On the 14th of February, 1631, Marie de Medicis was arrested at Compiègne, her physician, Vaultier, was imprisoned, the Princess of Conti ordered to Eu, and more than fifty others were sent to the Bastille. The reasons alleged for this measure were said to have been some intercepted letters from the Duke of Orleans, and it is asserted that the king sent to the Queen-Mother to invite her to a reconciliation with the Cardinal prior to her arrest. The Cardinal perhaps thought that he had acted with rather too much vigour and harshness; four days after, Vaultier, her physician, was set at liberty and restored to her, and a milder course pursued. We are told, the following month, that the Queen-Mother is at her ease at Compiègne, and like to remain there, although there was a pretended discovery of an attempt on her part to escape. She now protests to the Parliament of France against the conduct of Richelieu, and the Duke of Orleans also denounces his brother's principal minister and adviser. The French King urges upon her by letter the necessity of their separation, which will prevent those troubles which must have arisen from her remaining in his court in discontent, and presses her departure from Compiègne without delay. She asks, in reply, whether her alleged refusal of reconciliation with the Cardinal be a sufficient cause for her harsh treatment; disclaims any part in the disturbance which threatened his court, and regrets that she cannot obey his commands by going to Moulins. On the 1st of April we find her writing to her son-in-law, King Charles I., thanking him for the sympathy he expresses towards her. Sir Isaac Wake, the English Ambassador in France, is ordered to try and effect a mediation between Louis XIII. and the Queen-Mother and Monsieur, but it will not be listened to. Nevertheless, her cause seems to have enlisted the people, for in May a stricter guard is ordered to be kept on her at Compiègne, "in consequence of the popular sympathy," and the Spanish Ambassador is refused leave to visit her. Her situation becomes more trying and irksome, she writes to her son demanding that if she be charged with any crime against the State, a hearing may be granted for her justification; but she is again urged by the king to quit Compiègne; she persists in her refusal not to do so, unless compelled by force, or to join him as a mother ought to do, and reminds him that the unjust treatment to which she is subjected should be rather hidden between four walls than exposed to the public gaze. The King even reproves his Queen, and some of her servants are dismissed for having intelligence with the Queen Mother. A report is spread that she has escaped from Compiègne; it turns out to be true. "Ye loath as I conceive understood of Queen Mother's escape from Compeigne, which she left upon Friday last [8 July, 1631], for to live in a place at more liberty; the manner of it, as wee understand it, was thus:—Upon Thursday last there was a wedding to bee made att Compeigne, which for jolitie's sake shee walde have to bee celebrated att the Castle, and herself was of the company till very late att night. This extraordinary act of hers and of the company, which was the merrier for her presence, made all lyo longer a bed the next morning, and to imagine that Q. Mother, which is none of the earler risers, walde have beeene the later a bedd upon this occasion; bat shee was up the sooner for it; for earely in the morning shee wente away in her coach with good company." She passed the frontier, and "was constrained to goe through into the Archduchess country; but some are of opinion her escape hath not beeene without the conuivence of the Cardinall."

On 26 July, she writes [in French] from Mons to Louis XIII. "I do not, I think, deserve all the

bitterness you exhibit towards me in your letter; if you had the same strong natural feelings in you, as a good son, that I have in me, as a good mother, no one would be necessary to settle our differences \*\*\* Do you think that his Holiness, who is the Father of Peace, as well as of the Church, or your Sisters, the Queens of Spain and England, and the Princess of Savoy would let you rest in peace without crying out to you to do justice to your Mother \*\*\* You are my King and my Son, give me justice as the one, and love me as the other; on bended knees and with clasped hands, I implore you; it would be an act worthy of you to restore, as it would be, to life itself, her who had the happiness to give you life." She withdrew with her son, Gaston de Foix, Duke of Orleans, to Brussels, and demanded the protection of the King of Spain and the Infanta Isabella. The latter, who knew the capacity of Sir Peter Paul Rubens, and that he was well acquainted with the particular case of Marie de' Medicis, employed him to negotiate between her and Louis XIII. He was not successful. She then determined upon taking up her abode in England; but Richelieu used all his influence to prevent her finding an asylum in this country, and not without effect. King Charles I.'s instructions to his ambassador are conclusive, and it will be seen that he is commanded to use any argument and put every obstruction in the way of her visiting England. The first letter is as follows—

*Sec. Sir John Coke to Balthazar Gerbier.*

Sr.—You may remember what was directed long since, concerning Q. Mother's cumming hither, and now as her affairs are imbroiled it is not improbable she will bee strained or induced to return to that councl. You must therefore peruse your former instructions, and in pursute thereof do your best indevor: first to discover the truth, and w<sup>th</sup>al the groundes and wals of Her intentions and proceeding. Secondly, you must use al your artifice w<sup>th</sup> discretion [in diswading or diverting this resolution. Reasons for this I thinke you ar well awife armed withall in former dispatches concerning this matter. Yet I will remember you of the cheefe, which is that by coming hither she will much hinder those services that our Maister may be otherwise able to doe her, whether it be by mediation or otherwise.] Thirdly, if you find the prevention to bee beyond your power, you must [with a discrete boldness intitiat that it will bee expected from hence,] that none of those persons cum w<sup>th</sup> her whom the King her sonne required to bee delivered into his hands, least therupon exception may grow betwixt the Crownes. And in that respect you must also forbear your self to bee an instrument directly or indirectly, by letters, messengers, or otherwise, to make way for her passage, or do any thing whereby his M<sup>r</sup> or his Ministers may seeme to have counted or given adresa to this voyage. For your own suppetie it hath pleased his Ma<sup>r</sup> to give order: And I hope you wil presently see the effect. So I rest your assured friend to serve you.

Whitechapel,

26th March, 1634, our stile.

Also, on the 3rd of April, 1634, Secretary Coke writes to Gerbier as follows:—

Sr.—I hope you have received my former letter sent the last weeke, and have decyphered the contents. Now I must tell you that the Queen telling his Ma<sup>r</sup> that the Marquise Vieuville had a desyer to shew you how his Ma<sup>r</sup> he might bee a meanes to accomodate Q. Mother's affaires with the King her sonne, hee comand me tell you that he is willing to give care to such overture, wherefore ye ar to advertise the said M<sup>r</sup> that ye have order to heare and to relate to our Maister whatsoever he will tell you upon that subject, his Ma<sup>r</sup> being most willing to be a meanes of so good a worke.] Such instructions as hee giveth, you shal w<sup>th</sup> convenient speed return to his Ma<sup>r</sup> by your next letters that no tym may bee lost. The Lord Thifer, hath given order for your monies, as Mr. Norgate will informe you. So I rest Your assured friend and servant.

J. C.

And again, on the 24th of April, 1634, Secretary Coke writes as follows:—

Sr.—I have receaved your last of the 1<sup>st</sup> of this April, and w<sup>th</sup>al that w<sup>th</sup> was sett down by the Marquise Vieuville to direct a way of proceeding for Queen Mother w<sup>th</sup> the King her sonne, and w<sup>th</sup> the Cardinal, w<sup>th</sup> being shewed to his M<sup>r</sup> Hee called to mind what offices hee had formerly done, and the small frute that came therby. And further considering in what termes hee now standeth w<sup>th</sup> the Cardinal it is verie apparent that the course now directed would rather sharpen and strengthen opposition then give anie furtherance to the end w<sup>th</sup> is desired. But w<sup>th</sup>al His Ma<sup>r</sup> understanding that Queen Mother is alreadie ingaged into a treatie, [and that she expecteth his M<sup>r</sup>'s assistance therein, you are in his M<sup>r</sup>'s name to acquaint Her that though for the aforesaid reasons it may not bee fit for his M<sup>r</sup> to enter into this treatie, yet if she will command him whereby shee may doe her service in this or anie thing else, his M<sup>r</sup> will be glade to have an occasion to testifie thereby his love to serve Her, in performing what she shall desyre, or to show that what shall be proposed will not be best for his service.] Herby you may

understand his M<sup>r</sup>'s gratiouse intentions accordingly to accomodate your negotiation in this business. So I remaine Your assured loving friend to serve you.

J. C.

In consequence of these dispatches, Marie de' Medicis appears to have given an assurance to King Charles that she would never attempt to come to England without his knowledge and consent. In October, 1635, a report spread—"Antwerp and Brussels was full thereof"—that the Queen-Mother was deceased, but Gerbier sends an express to Charles I., informing him of the doctor's confidence of her amendment, "cause the heate breakes out about her mouth, a signe theague on point to shake hands for farewell." She no sooner recovers her health than her old desire to come to England is redoubled, and Gerbier is again instructed in the fullest manner to dissuade her, by all possible argument, from doing so.

*Secretary Coke to Balthazar Gerbier.*

Sr.—The length of your letter needed no excuse, the importance of Q. Mother's cumming over requiring a ful expression of al particulars, wherby the certaintie of that resolution might appear w<sup>th</sup> when you understood you ought to have resorted to your former instructions, w<sup>th</sup> stil remain in force. Now you must be careful w<sup>th</sup> out insisting upon the author of this councl, or descending to meaner subjects: you are to address yourself to the person of Queen Mother, [and tel her that because you have hard a rumor of her going into En. (w<sup>th</sup> you doe not belie, because that she has often protested the contrarie, without having first his approbation and consent) least that rumor should go over before you should be able to give his Ma<sup>r</sup>: an account thereof, you thought it your dwelwe to waite upon her Ma<sup>r</sup>; to the end ye might with more assurance adverstise the falconess thereof: the w<sup>th</sup> if she confirme, then to end your audience with some complement, but if ye fynd that shee anie way inclyne this jurney, then you ar to diswade her by all possible arguments; and in particular thesee following, that if she cum hither w<sup>th</sup> out the knowledg and consent of the Fr. and Sp. Kings, both of them wil growe jealous of his M<sup>r</sup>'s intentions and less confident in his correspondence, w<sup>th</sup> may frustrate these good offices hee is alwaies ready to performe for Q. Mother: and w<sup>th</sup> otherwise hee negotiateth for those of his nearest blood. Again the warre itself growing upon offense, w<sup>th</sup> have relation to Queen Mother and her partie: their interests wil follow her person and breed manie besides other inconveniences w<sup>th</sup> wil disquiet her princely and gratiouse minde. The issue then wil bee that neither shee nor her followers can bee here so conveniently and so neare her affaires as whee now they are. Yet w<sup>th</sup> si you must avow his M<sup>r</sup>'s most respectfull affection and redinesse to give her ease and comfort in what her safy may: wherof his former proceedings have given sufficient proof.

And if she speake for her health to change the sier you may then propound what formerly shee intended to go for Spaine or other part that way wherin you are confident his Ma<sup>r</sup> wil [not fail] to accomodate her w<sup>th</sup> shipping in such sort as shee shal desir. In this you must loose no time and w<sup>th</sup> al must bee watchful to observe and certifie al motions, tending towards the sea. So with assuranece of your monies, I remaine your very loving friend to do you service.

J. C.

Whitechapel, 13 January, 1636.

The Queen Mother, however, arrived in England on the 31st of October, 1633; and on the 5th of November following is issued a "Warrant to th' Exchequer for payment of £100 per diem unto Messire Luc de Fabroni Kn<sup>t</sup>, and Viscount of Dompmart, to be by him employed in defraying the expences of the Queen Mother of France, to comence from the 4th day of this instant November inclusive, and to continue dureing his Ma<sup>r</sup>'s pleasure." Nevertheless she was soon after obliged to leave England on account of the disturbances, and withdrew to Cologne, where she died on the 3rd of July, 1642. It is somewhat curious that Marie de' Medicis died in the same house that John, the father of Sir Peter Paul Rubens, had occupied more than sixty years before.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Wednesday.

COMPLAINTS loud and long-continued having been made of the discreditable manner in which the great public library of this city, the Bibliothèque Impériale, was managed, the Government some time ago, in English fashion, charged a commission of eminent literary and scientific men to investigate the condition of the library, and to say what could be done to amend it. This commission has just presented to the Minister of Public Instruction a report of enormous length, containing various recommendations, and the Emperor at the request of the Minister has decreed

that certain of them shall be carried into effect: —namely, that the library shall henceforth consist of four divisions: 1, of Printed Books, Maps, and Geographical collections; 2, of Manuscripts, Charters, and Diplomas; 3, of Medals, Engraved Stones, and Antiques; 4, of Engravings; that when the present chief functionaries (they are very numerous) shall have died off or retired, the whole library shall, instead of being under a sort of republican government, be placed under the control of one single person, who shall be called Director-General, and have a salary of 6000.; that at the head of each of the four divisions there shall be a Conservator and an Assistant-Conservator, and that there shall be a competent staff of librarians and other officers: also that the holidays which have hitherto been frequent and long shall, from next year, be abolished, with the exception of a fortnight at Easter; and that from the 1st of October next the library shall be open six hours daily instead of five. These reforms are satisfactory as far as they go; but why not have got rid at once by means of pensions, of all the solemn old Bumbles, who have allowed the library to fall into its present deplorable state, and who weigh like an incubus on it?—And why not have ordered the library to be kept open eight, ten, or twelve hours daily instead of six—since it is notorious that literary men who are its chief frequenters, must work more than six hours a day to gain their daily bread?

The Imperial Library of Paris is the largest in Europe, and its collections of manuscripts, medals, and engravings are extensive and valuable. But it is far from being so complete as it ought to be, and as other public libraries inferior in extent are. It is particularly deficient in foreign works, especially those of modern times. This is owing to its being allowed only a very small sum for making purchases. The report states that the annual grant to it has, for years past, been only about 4000<sup>l</sup>, and that that grant has been reduced to less than 3000<sup>l</sup>. by a portion of it being missappropriated to the payment of salaries. Of this 3000<sup>l</sup>. how much, think you, was set apart for the purchase of books?—Only 465<sup>l</sup>., with a further sum of 172<sup>l</sup>. for subscriptions to foreign periodicals. The figures seem scarcely credible, but they are so stated in the report. The rest of the 3000<sup>l</sup>. was absorbed by the purchase of manuscripts, medals, maps, and by the binding of books. Even the manuscript department, though less severely treated than the book department, is so poor that it is frequently obliged to allow very precious objects to be snatched up by foreign countries; not long since for example, it had the vexation of seeing the Library of Madrid outbid it in an auction for the original manuscript chart of the pilot Christopher Columbus. The report says that the British Museum in addition to extraordinary adventures has an annual allowance of 10,000<sup>l</sup>. for purchases; and it declares that the Imperial Library ought to be allowed one of at least 6000<sup>l</sup>. Another grave reproach to which the Imperial Library is liable, is that it has no catalogue, and it appears from what the Commission says, that it will be many long years yet before the grave want is supplied. Nay more, it even seems that the authorities of the library cannot yet agree amongst themselves, as to whether the catalogue should be drawn up alphabetically, or by order of matters, or both. It is intended, the report tells us, to have a new reading-room formed, and to have it specially reserved for literary men who really work; the one long room to be set apart to the public. It is calculated that this reform, which is commendable, would have the effect of increasing the readers from 250 (the present number) to 400 a day. The report expresses admiration of the system of management adopted in the Library of the British Museum, and proposes that the officers of the Imperial Library shall be sent to London to study it. It also advises that, in imitation of what exists in connexion with the British Museum, a board of the highest personages of the realm shall be formed to watch over the library; but the government before deciding on this point has taken time to consider.

The French government has taken a measure which, though somewhat singular, is likely to be useful to musical art. Inconvenience both artistic and commercial has, it says, arisen from the "ever-increasing elevation of the diapason, and from the differences of diapasons which exist in various countries," and it has therefore appointed a commission of distinguished officials and members of the Institute "to seek for the means of establishing in France a uniform musical diapason, to determine the sonorous standard which may serve as an invariable type, and to indicate the measures calculated to secure the adoption and preservation of it." Of this commission men of no less note than Rossini, Meyerbeer, Auber, Ambroise-Thomas, Halevy, and Berlioz, all of the Institute, are members.

Théophile Gautier is not only a writer of sparkling books and a writer second to none, but he is also a composer of ballets, and within the last few days a ballet of his composition, entitled *La Sacountala*, has been brought out at the Grand Opera. Its scene is laid in India, and its personages are Indians, with names hard to pronounce and not even easy to write; but what it is all about is what no mortal can tell, not even Gautier himself. As however truth is proverbially not an essential ingredient in a song, so a ballet is by no means bound to be intelligible. It is enough for it to have troops of pretty girls, prettily grouped and dancing nicely; gorgeous decorations; spirited tableaux; gay music; and all that Gautier has contrived to compress into *La Sacountala*. He has also secured Madame Ferraris as his principal *dansuse*; and she bounds about with such fairy-like grace, as to enchant the critical frequenters of the orchestra stalls.

A somewhat curious question is exciting attention in our literary circles.—Two dramatists, MM. Barbier and Carré sometime ago made a translation of the Italian libretto of the opera the *Marriage of Figaro*, and had the opera, which is by Mozart, produced at the Théâtre Lyrique in the city. The piece was successful, and the two dramatists received their *droits d'auteur*. The managing Committee of the Dramatic Authors' Society now claim from them a large portion of these *droits* to Beaumarchais, as the author of the piece, and for Mozart as composer of the music. "But Beaumarchais and Mozart died long ago!" object the dramatists. "No matter" answers the Committee. "We will give part of the money to the descendants of the former who exist somewhere,—and the other part to the son of the latter who we know is now living at Geneva!" "But Beaumarchais' and Mozart's works have both fallen into the public domain!" "According to law, yes," says the Committee, "but not according to the regulations that we have made for ourselves and to which you as members of our society have adhered!" "But," urge the brace of dramatists loth to restore cash once pocketed (what dramatist isn't!)—"we did not take the libretto from Beaumarchais but from an Italian." "That Italian," retorts the Committee, "stole it from Beaumarchais, so that your taking is the same. And now will you hand up the money?" "Really, it is very hard," stammer the dramatists. "No discussion," says the Committee, "hand up, or be expelled from the Society!" In this position the matter remains for the moment. The general impression is that the two dramatists should make restoration, not that there is any legal or even moral responsibility so to do devolving on them, but because it is desirable that men of the literary fraternity should show the most profound respect for the rights of property in intellectual productions. To such an extent would some literary men in this country carry this respect, that they would, if they could, make the theatres even now pay the descendants of Racine and Corneille for every representation of their great ancestors' tragedies. It may be added that, in accordance with this sentiment, the Committee of the Dramatic Authors lately forced the management of one of the theatres in this city, to pay for having performed Weber's operas of *Oberon*, *Euryanthe*, and *Preciosa*, and immediately transmitted the amount to Weber's son in Germany.

#### DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

A MEETING was held, on Wednesday last, at the Princess's Theatre, for the purpose of affording the public a full statement of this project, the principal object of which is the foundation of an asylum for superannuated and impoverished actors and actresses. The selection of so inappropriate a name as that of "College" for the proposed asylum has yet to be justified. A college, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, is the great want of the theatrical "profession," aptly so termed, as being all professors and none students. But there was some clink and chime about the word, and Dulwich perhaps suggested rivalry, and so a misleading title was adopted.

The meeting took place in the Princess's Theatre. Mr. CHARLES KEAN was in the chair. He was surrounded by most of the leading actors of the day, including Mr. Benjamin Webster of the Adelphi (chairman of the committee), Mr. Planché, Mr. Harley, Mr. Robson, Mr. Barney Williams, Mr. Samuel Phelps, Mr. Frank Matthews, Mr. Creswick, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. A. Wigan, Mr. T. P. Cooke, Mr. William Cooke, Mr. Barry Sullivan, Mr. R. Roxby, Mr. John Cooper, and others. Besides the members of the theatrical profession who supported the chair, there were present Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Charles Reade, Mr. Wilkie Collins, Mr. Peter Cunningham, Mr. Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., Mr. Augustus Egg, R.A., Mr. David Roberts, R.A., Mr. T. Creswick, R.A., Mr. Ellmore, R.A., and Mr. Thomas Grieve. The body of the theatre was filled with a highly respectable auditory. The dress circle and upper tier of boxes were occupied by ladies.

Mr. Kean's appearance on the stage was a signal for several rounds of applause.

The CHAIRMAN said: Ladies and Gentlemen—The object of this meeting is to awaken public attention to a subject of very great interest to the members of the theatrical profession, and, if possible, to excite your sympathies and enlist your co-operation in providing an asylum for those who, having contributed to your amusement, seek rest and comfort in the evening of their days before the dark shadows descend upon the dial of life. A kind and benevolent gentleman, Mr. Henry Dodd, possessing landed property in Berkshire, has volunteered to give five freehold acres of land for the purpose of building certain charitable houses for the reception of aged and worn-out brothers and sisters of the stage. In addition to this grant, I am permitted to state that this benevolent gentleman will contribute one hundred guineas towards the erection of these houses. Assuredly we must all feel that in this instance wealth has been bestowed on one who truly understands the blessings which Heaven has vouchsafed to him—(cheers)—to do good to his brothers, to supply the wants of the needy, and to open a refuge for the aged and the destitute. Under these circumstances it is a duty we owe to ourselves to strain every nerve to assist this undertaking, and, as a public body, I feel we should be highly culpable if we were not to carry out the wishes of this beneficent gentleman.

Mr. CULLENFORD then read the report of the provisional committee:—

The immediate object is to procure sufficient funds to erect twenty dwellings; ten for actors, and ten for actresses. The next purpose will be to provide annuities for the occupants. At a subsequent period it may be hoped to add an educational design for the children of members of the dramatic profession; but at present the committee desire to give their whole attention to the single purpose of providing dwellings, not doubting that everything else which may be required will be provided for. They now recommend—

1. That the acceptance by the committee of the five acres of land from the grantor be confirmed by this meeting.
2. That four trustees be appointed to receive a conveyance.
3. That the title of the institution be "The Dramatic College."
4. That bankers be appointed.

5. That a subscription for carrying into effect the objects contemplated be now commenced, and that gentlemen be appointed to act as stewards in making a collection.

6. That the proceedings of the provisional committee be approved, and that the said committee, with power to add to its number, be continued in office till the next annual general meeting.

7. That when, in the opinion of the committee, sufficient funds have been obtained, plans and estimates for the proposed buildings be procured.

8. That at a special general meeting the provisional committee do present a report of their opinion as to the regulations necessary for the future management of the college.

The Committee have reason to believe that the first two dwellings will be erected by the Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatrical Funds.

Mr. Cullenford next read the following scheme for the Dramatic College:— "That the institution shall be known by the style and title of the Dramatic College. That the executive body, having the general control and management of the said college, consist of a patroness or patron, a president, four vice-presidents, four trustees, a council of management, consisting of twenty persons, life governors and annual subscribers, a treasurer or treasurers, auditors, and a secretary or secretaries. That the president and vice presidents be members of the council, ex-officio. That the right to make bye-laws for the management of the college shall vest in the council; but that such bye-laws shall have no force or effect until approved of at a public meeting of the subscribers. That the council shall determine upon the plan of the hall, and description of tenements. That the number of pensioners for the benefits of the said college shall not, in the first instance, exceed twenty persons, namely, ten males and ten females. That it be a qualification in all candidates for the benefits of the college that they shall have been on the stage for at least twenty years, and that candidates, being males, shall have attained the age of fifty-five years; and females fifty, excepting in extraordinary cases where the candidates have sustained some permanent bodily injury or infirmity in the exercise of their profession; such cases to be decided on by the council, and to be exceptional. That before any persons can be admitted as candidates, to be put in nomination for the benefits of the college, they must receive a certificate of qualification from the council. That in the event of the trustees, or either of them, dying, going beyond the seas to reside, or being incapable or unwilling to act, the right to elect a successor or successors shall be in the council. That the right to elect shall be vested in the subscribers, except that the directors of the Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatrical Funds, and their successors, shall have the right in perpetuity of alternately presenting one pensioner for the benefits of the college. That a donation of ten guineas shall constitute a life governor, who shall be entitled to one vote at each election. That every annual subscriber of one guinea shall also be entitled to one vote. That ultimately 25*l.* per annum, with fire and light, be the allowance of the pensioners, payable monthly. That as the funds increase, it shall be in the discretion of the council to increase the pecuniary allowance of the pensioners, or add to the number of pensioners and tenements. That if at any time the funds are increased beyond the amount required for the maintenance and support of the said college and pensioners, it shall be lawful for the council to apply such increase towards the maintenance and education of children of actors; and that a proportion of the ground and premises appertaining to the college may be appropriated for the purpose of erecting a school-house; and that the scheme or plan upon which the said school shall be founded, and also the nature of the instruction to be imparted, shall be in the discretion of the council."

The CHAIRMAN then said: The object we have in view is one of great importance, and if successfully carried out, will be of inestimable benefit to those who, having spent the summer of their lives in your service, have nothing to comfort them

during the barren and desolate winter in which they have to pass the remnant of their days. It may appear strange that no charitable institution of the kind now proposed has ever yet been established for aged and worn-out members of the profession. Every other profession has provided homes for the decayed members of their body, but for the destitute actor there is no roof under which he can shelter his white hairs, no home to which he can retreat, and no haven towards which he can direct his tottering steps. I would not propose for one moment to advance this as a claim, otherwise than as one which I am sure will spring from your own generous and benevolent sympathies; but, as an actor myself, I may be excused if, on this occasion, I may say I derive some satisfaction from alluding to the obligations England is under to actors. I need not refer to those eminent actors who have delighted your ancestors, and whose monuments now stand side by side with those of the great men who repose in Westminster Abbey. I shall only allude to two important legacies that were bequeathed to posterity, a legacy of dead and a legacy of mind. That noble institution for youth, and asylum for age, Dulwich College, was erected and endowed by one of the most honourable men that ever drew the breath of life—Edward Alleyn, the actor—and what must we not feel as a nation for the other legacy, which was also left to us by an actor, William Shakespeare. That man, were it not for the stage—that mighty genius—would never have found vent for the inspiration of his wondrous powers; that man, whose name is the pride of England—the marvel of the world—who is the envy of the foreigner, whilst he bows at his shrine—that man was an actor. That legacy, its importance and its fame, ought to prompt the heart of every man and woman to cherish the worn-out members of a profession which, properly appreciated and protected, cannot fail to be a source of national utility. Every human undertaking advances by progressive steps, and in the words of our poet, we “work by wit, and not by witchcraft, and wit depends on dilatory time.” We cannot have these houses built up in a night, like Aladdin’s palace; but what we ask of you is, that you will now sow the seed which in time will grow into a stately tree. Let us hope that you will this day lay the foundation stone of that which will rise to be a goodly edifice. Let us look upon this as but the beginning of the end, and that this institution, now in its infancy, under your auspices will grow into a vigorous manhood. You see the members of each establishment who are daily contributing to your amusement—who are engaged in relieving your minds from the cares and anxieties of the world—you see them apparently in health and strength; but “look upon this picture and on this;” look at them when their health is shattered and their strength is broken, infirm and aged, helpless and afflicted—having no rest, no joy, no comforts: to them say, I am indebted for years and years of service; in some instances for half a century; they cry to me for help, and shall I deny them sympathy and assistance? No; in the true spirit of Christian sympathy, you will do unto others as you would they should do unto you. Let it be remembered, in our country the actor has no reliance but on the public—his hope is in the hearts of his audience; here they receive no Government subsidy, or assistance from municipal corporations, as in Continental States—his only compensation is in your approval, and his only pension your voluntary gifts. He must look to the public for support, and the British public never has refused, and never will refuse to do that which is just and liberal for lives exhausted in their service. There are hundreds of us who may never require this assistance—and yet, what are not the vicissitudes of life! But we look forward, in the name of our less fortunate brethren who may be overtaken by reverses, and in their old age be haunted by the dread of privation and poverty, that, through your help, they will find a home and a rest in which they will dwell on the recollection of former days, and prepare in tranquil resignation for that great change which awaits us all. You will not let your sympathy end in a useless sensibility, but you will

stretch forth your hand to aid them. Do not hesitate because your gift be trifling. Great or small, as the widow’s mite was acceptable, so will be your contributions. The act blesses the giver and the receiver. The hour will arrive when we shall have to account for the gifts which Providence has bestowed upon us. When that time shall come, may the recording angel open the page where it is written that you have comforted and relieved the aged and the afflicted. May you unanimously respond to this appeal, and set an example here this day that will be followed by thousands. It only wants the moving impulse to arrive at a successful and happy result. I ask you to give that impulse, and to remember, in the words of the Psalmist, that “Blessed is he that considereth the poor and needy; the Lord shall comfort him that lieth sick upon his bed.” I will not encroach upon your time and patience. I fear I have done so already too long; but I hope you will pardon the enthusiasm of one who feels deeply the cause he is endeavouring to plead. Before I resume my seat, allow me to say, that having heard already the benevolent intentions of the donor, and the manner in which the Covent Garden and Drury Lane Funds are determined to assist this institution, I have received a letter from Mr. Buckstone, manager of the General Theatrical Fund, stating that their fund is anxious to assist its elder sisters. On this plan, therefore, we have three houses to begin with; and allow me to say, that I shall hold myself responsible for a fourth. (Loud and protracted cheering.)

MR. CHARLES DICKENS rose to propose the first resolution. He was received with acclamation, and said: Ladies and Gentlemen—I think I may congratulate you beforehand on the pleasant circumstance that the movers and seconders of the resolutions which will be submitted to you will probably have very little to say; through the report which you have heard read, and the comprehensive address of the chairman, the cause which brings us together can stand in need of little, if of any further exposition. But as I have the honour to move the first resolution, which acknowledges the acceptance of a most liberal gift, and only the vigorous action which attends upon it, I shall only be giving expression to the feeling which is uppermost in the minds of those present, that, many as have been the parts in which Mr. Kean has distinguished himself on these boards, he has never appeared in one in which the feeling of an artist, the sympathy of a man, and the sentiments of a gentleman have been so gracefully blended. We derive assurance of a prosperous result to the undertaking from the confidence inspired by his manly vigour and advocacy this day. The resolution I have the honour to propose is as follows:—“That the report of the provisional committee be adopted, and that this meeting joyfully accepts and gratefully acknowledges the gift of five acres of land referred to in the said report.” It is manifest that we are all agreed upon the acceptance of this gift, which can inspire but one feeling in the whole of the dramatic art. It has been but too often forgotten that the silks and velvets and elegant costumes of the stage must be every night exchanged for the hideous coats and vests of the present day, which we have the honour and the misfortune to appear in. But in this instance these alterations have been recollected, and in so spontaneous and liberal a spirit, that we have nothing to do but to accept and admire—we have nothing to do but to take the goods the gods provide for us, and make the best and the most of them; and let me here remark that in turning this gift to the best account we best show our gratitude. While our chairman was speaking, it occurred to me that the spot on which we now stand will in a short time be transferred into the scene of a crafty and cruel bond. I know that in a few hours hence the grand canal of Venice will flow with picturesque fidelity on the spot on which I now stand, and the quality of Mercy shall be advocated before a Venetian council by a learned young doctor from Padua; this change brought into my mind the difference of the real bond of to-day in contrast with the ideal bond of to-night; the one all selfishness, all

malignity, all cruelty, and revenge—the other all charity, liberality, and benevolence; the one all evil, the other all good; the one a bond to be broken in the course of three or four hours—the other a bond to be good and valid for generations hence. Of the execution and delivery of this bond on the part of this gentleman on the one hand, and of the trustees on the other, do you attest and verify, so as to say that in this bond, or in connexion with it, selfishness was not by any possibility to be found. I beg to move the resolution I have had the pleasure of reading.

MR. CRESWICK seconded the resolution, which was carried by acclamation.

MR. T. P. COOKE proposed the second resolution. He had not the power of speech to stir men’s blood, and therefore they should take the will for the deed, and he would leave the task in the hands of his old friend—he begged his pardon, his young friend, Mr. Harley. He moved the following resolution:—“That Charles Kean, Esq., Benjamin Webster, Esq., Charles Dickens, Esq., and W. M. Thackeray, Esq., be elected trustees of the said college.”

MR. HARLEY seconded the resolution. He was happy to see before him a distinguished party who, performing their parts on the grand theatre of the world, were brought together by the voice of kindness and benevolence.

The resolution was agreed to.

MR. B. WEBSTER moved the third resolution. He was appointed to thank them for their approval of the four names that had been submitted to them as trustees of this, he might say, carried institution. He assured them the object of the trustees would be to promote its success in every way, and he wished that one of the trustees, Mr. Thackeray, who was unavoidably detained in the country, had been there to thank them. He knew it would be their loss, and not his gain; but, in an earnest hope for the future of his profession and a brighter day, he would yield to no man—be he high or low. He thanked them for the honour of being one of their trustees, and the more responsibility they gave to the office by their liberality, the more they would increase the honour of their position. The resolution he had to propose was as follows:—“That a subscription be entered into for the purposes of carrying out the gift of the donor, and the intentions of the provisional committee, and forwarding the benevolent object for which we are assembled.” A lengthened speech would not be requisite from him to enforce the purport of the resolution. A few words from him would suffice. He was egotistical enough to think that many there knew his humble endeavours to obtain a few crumbs for the poor players from the rich table of Dulwich College. Although he was supported by the four parishes in which the nominations were vested, he found that more attention was paid to the building of a church, out of the earnings of a profane stage player, Edward Alleyn, and endowing it with 300*l.* a-year under the patronage of the bishop of the diocese, than to the intentions of the testator; and it was with difficulty he got 100*l.* towards supporting four worn-out actors, and educating eight of their children, and that in the face of the fact that Alleyn had founded the college for the relief of distressed actors and actresses. During his long experience as manager, actor, and man of the world, he knew of nobody, as a class, who gave more cheerfully to their unfortunate brethren than the employed actors; and if charity would cover a multitude of sins, let that cover those faults which ignorance and fanaticism had heaped on their corps. Their cause would receive support from the highest to the lowest, as a letter which he held in his hand would prove, and which he had received in answer to an application to her Majesty to become the patroness of the institution.—

Osborne, July 16, 1858.  
My Dear Mr. Webster—I had the honour to lay before her Majesty the Queen the papers which accompanied your letter to me on the 15th inst. I have received the commands of her Majesty to say to you in reply, that her Majesty would take much interest in any plan for rendering more comfortable the deslining years of actresses and actors who are suffering under insufficient means; and the Queen would wish every success to the under-

taking of which you have forwarded the prospectus. The scheme is not, however, as yet sufficiently advanced for her Majesty to become its patroness. The Queen has always required, before she grants the use of her name to any new charity, that not only shall the object be a deserving one, but that it shall have been sufficiently appreciated and supported by the public to give a reasonable security that the institution shall be prosperous and permanent. When, therefore, your plans have acquired a little more substantive character, and there is good evidence of a cordial and general support, you will be at liberty to apply to me again for her Majesty's patronage.

Sincerely yours,  
C. B. PHILIPS.

B. Webster, Esq.

That was the highest honour that could be conferred upon them; and so deeply was he interested in the undertaking, that, from vast masses of stone which he possessed in Wales, he would give enough to face the whole of the twenty-four tenements, and to erect the whole of the college school when the time arrived for building it. But the success of the undertaking was now in the hands of the public. It was a question of pounds, shillings, and pence; and he begged to remind them that figures would speak more than words.

Mr. ROBERT BELL seconded the resolution. No haven of rest was provided for the theatrical profession. It was differently circumstanced from any other profession, for it held out no hope of any promotion. At the bar, a man may flatter himself with the hope of being one day Lord Chancellor; and in the church he may hope to be Archbishop of Canterbury; but on the stage there are no such velvet cushions—no telegraphic communication can come from a manager to say, "Take care of Doubt"—for on the stage Doubt must take care of himself. It was only by the exertion and ability of the actor, that he could hope for success in his profession. All men could not expect to be Lord Chancellors, nor could all men expect to be Hamlets. They must look to the Laertes and Rosencrantz, for they were all necessary to the *tout ensemble*. They must look to the men who lounged against the wing with a lowering brow, looking unutterable things, as well as to him who stood by the foot-lights, for they were all necessary to complete the picture. He thought enough had been said to make out the case that the college ought to be established. There was a duty he should like to see imposed on the wardens of the College, besides those that had been named. There were at present no records of actors. They knew little of Garrick, except what Murphy's sketches gave them; of Hemming or Condall, who lived in the time of Shakespeare, they knew literally nothing, and the epitaph on the tomb of the great actor in Shakespeare's time was simply "Exit Burbidge." He proposed that they should keep some records of the stage, which would afford them an agreeable occupation, and would be an addition to literature. Each theatre could supply the materials, and they could form them into a record. The members of the stage were formerly patronised and supported by Dukes of Lancaster and Dukes of York; but they now belonged to and were dependent on the public, which had derived so much advantage, instruction, and amusement, from the stage—and that public was now appealed to to give stability to the profession. If everybody who attended the theatres were to give but a shilling a year for the next ten years, the Dramatic College would be established and endowed. To assist in that object, there might also be a small per centage put on the profits of theatres, and likewise on the receipts of dramatic authors. We had the greatest drama in the world to maintain; the stage was the lay pulpit of the people, its true morality applied to all conditions of life, and was most intelligible to all classes of the community.

The resolution was then agreed to.

Sir G. ARMYTAGE proposed, and Mr. F. MATHEWS seconded, the following resolution:—"That Messrs. Coutts and Company be the bankers at the West-end, and Mr. Robarts, Curtis, and Company, in the City"—which was agreed to.

The SECRETARY (Mr. Cullenford) then read a list of donations and annual subscriptions, which amounted in the aggregate—the former to 751. 13s., and the latter to 957. 16s.

Thanks having been voted to the Chairman, the meeting, which had been as enthusiastic and as applausive as gatherings with an infusion of the theatrical element usually are, separated, after the very successful inauguration of a very deserving scheme.

#### SCIENTIFIC.

**ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.**—The most interesting feature in the last publication of the Royal Astronomical Society is a paper on Personal Equation by Professor Mitchel, of Cincinnati. The Professor writes to our Astronomer Royal:—"At the meeting of the American Association of 1856, I announced the fact that I had contrived a simple apparatus for the investigation of the subject of 'absolute personal equation.' Sickness in my family, and other causes, have combined to prevent a full investigation of this subject until the beginning of the present year. In case a star could be made to record the moment of its own transit, the difference between the star's record and that of any observer would be the observer's *absolute personal equation*, or what I shall term hereafter the 'personality of the eye.' In like manner, in case a sound could be made to record the moment of its occurrence, the difference between the record and that of an observer would give what I term 'absolute personality of the ear.' The same of the sense of touch, which, as a matter of physiological curiosity, has somewhat engaged my attention. As the stars cannot at present be made to record their own transits, I have substituted what I call 'artificial stars,' moving uniformly with a velocity somewhat greater than that of an equatorial star observed with a power of 200, the power of the eye-piece now used in the transit telescope. By means of an electro-magnet, these artificial stars (ten in number) attached to my revolving disc, are made to record the exact moment at which they transit an artificial meridian line. The observer, by the aid of another magnet, records the moment of his observed transit, and the difference of these two records, corrected for difference of armature and gross time of the two magnets, gives me the 'absolute personality of eye.' This same quantity has been obtained also from a record of the moment at which the eye perceives a white 'stripe' on a dark ground, thrown into view by the sudden action of the electro-magnetic armature, which records the moment of transit of the artificial stars. These quantities, as will be seen hereafter, are almost identical. To obtain 'absolute personality of the ear,' the observer, with his magnetic key, attempts to record the moment he perceives the sound produced by the fall of the 'time-pen' on the disk, as driven by the armature of the time electro-magnet, it falls, and makes its 'true' dot. The interval between the dot struck by the time-pen and that struck by the observer's recording pen, corrected for value of armature time of the observing-pen, gives the time required for the ear to execute its office, and for the nerves obedient to the will to execute the record. A like process, which it is quite unnecessary to describe, gives 'personality of the touch.' To the practical astronomer the personality of eye and ear are alone important; to those who have adopted the American method of transits, the 'personality of the eye' remains as the quantity whose value and variations it is required to determine. Our regular observations have been continued daily, with few exceptions, through some 60 or 70 days, my assistant, Mr. H. Twitchell, and myself making an equal number of observations to determine the following quantities:—1. Absolute personality of eye. 2. Absolute personality of ear. 3. Observed moment of transit. 4. Observed moment of emersion. 5. Observed moment of immersion. These constitute the regular observations. Besides these, I have obtained the 'eye and ear personality' of about thirty persons (not observers) of each sex, and of ages from fourteen to seventy-five years. Among these individuals I find thus far no law which seems to govern the personality. The range is small, as the personality of eye varies between

the lowest limit 137 thousandths of a second, and the highest limit 214 thousandths of one second of time. The personality of ear has for its least amount 137 thousandths of a second, and for its greatest limit, 223 thousandths of one second of time; and each of these limits belongs to the same two observers. The mean personality of my own eye, as obtained from 255 observations, is 161 thousandths of a second. The mean personality of my ear, as obtained from an equal number of measures, is 184 thousandths of a second. These same quantities for Mr. Twitchell, as given by the same number of observations on the same days with my own, are for the eye 144, and for the ear, 153 thousandths of one second of time. My minimum 'eye personality' is 139 thousandths of a second, the maximum reaches to 191 thousandths. My minimum 'ear personality' is 143, my maximum 'ear personality' is 193 thousandths of one second of time. The same quantities for Mr. Twitchell are for

The eye, minimum ...	0'118	maximum ...	0'184
" "	0'120	" "	0'201

Having reached the above results, I was now curious to learn whether the eye and ear were steady for very short periods of time. For this purpose my assistant and myself each made five series of ten observations, each on alternate minutes, which being continued several days, showed that we were liable to a variation of 'eye personality' amounting to about two hundredths of a second on the mean of ten observations. I also found that the difference already established between Mr. Twitchell and myself was confirmed in these observations. I will simply remark that the sense of touch gave results almost identical with those of the eye; and this fact being soon discovered, the observations for personality of touch were discontinued. Thus far we have presented results obtained by the eye, in seizing an almost instantaneous movement, the sudden darting of a white line from behind a black screen. When a comparison was instituted between the absolute and observed moments of transits of the artificial stars, I found, much to my surprise, that both my assistant and myself largely anticipated the true time; and that in every instance, without one exception, the same fact was noticed in other persons, who were ignorant of what they were doing, while recording their transits. After learning the fact of this unconscious anticipation, efforts were made to cure the evil by special attention. To some extent this was done, but the tendency was to an immediate relapse the moment special attention was discontinued. I find (on a mean of ten observations) my own anticipations amounting to the tenth of a second of time in more than one instance, while Mr. Twitchell's error is nearly as large. The variations from day to day, and from observation to observation in the same set were far larger than I had anticipated. This gave rise to the observation of 'emersions' of the artificial stars from behind a dark screen. Here I found a steadiness in the results precisely equal to the performance of the eye as already determined, which for my assistant and myself seems to be the highest limit of attainable accuracy. The experiments of observed immersion exhibited the fact of a strong tendency to anticipation, and a less degree of steadiness in the work. I now became anxious to apply the discoveries thus made in some practical manner to our star transits. For this purpose I have constructed a diaphragm, consisting of eight occulting bars, four on each side of a central spider's line. We observe the emersion from the first bar, both immersion and emersion from the second, third, and fourth bars, the transit of the central wire, the immersion and emersion of the fifth, sixth, and seventh bars, and the immersion on the eighth bar; in this way we make fifteen observations, these bars are about two seconds of time in width, and their intervals about four seconds at the equator. By observing emersion and immersion, we hope to avoid any error arising from stars of different magnitudes, as the larger stars will emerge sooner and disappear later, a mean of the two observations giving us the place

of an imaginary wire between the two bars correctly. I can only say that we have had but two nights' work with the new method. The results are highly promising, but too inconsiderable to communicate."

## FINE ARTS.

*Nos Artistes au Salon de 1857*, par Edmond About.  
Paris, Hachette et Cie. 1858.

In this the dull season of our own artistic affairs, it may be a little relief to glance across the way at those of our neighbours, especially as our neighbours do not appear to have been in a more flourishing state lately than ourselves. If our Academy Exhibition has not this year been very exciting, in Paris there has been none at all. Why the usual Exposition has not been allowed to take place is not very clear, but there is to be one next year, and till that good time comes our cousins can no doubt contrive in this, as they are compelled in more serious matters, to possess their souls in patience.

But how curious are national characteristics ! To us, with all our slowness of judgment, our fondness for the past, what is an Academy exhibition when it is over ? Who would venture in September to call our attention to a criticism on an exhibition that had closed in July ? Yet here, in 1858, for the delectation of the "volatile Parisian," is redacted a volume of nearly 400 pages, all of the lightest trifle, on the Salon of 1857. Well *chacun à son goût*. However, we confess that though we did not see the Exposition of 1857—perhaps because we did not see it—we have found some amusement in looking through this record of it, and are tempted in consequence to invite our readers to share therein. Not to venture on so desperate an undertaking—be it at once understood—as to give any account of the exhibition itself or to expatiate on the present and future of French Art, but merely by an extract or two to show how it fares at the hand of the native critic—and to afford an example of French art-criticism.

M. Edmond About is, in the present dearth of good writers, a great favourite with his countrymen : and we do not wonder at it. He is always lively, always cheerful, seldom says an ill-natured thing, and when he does, says it in a very good-natured manner. He has wit at will, or what is a very tolerable substitute for it ; and his wit is sustained by a fair share of knowledge and an unlimited supply of self-possession. He strings together antithesis and epigram, and rattles on in an untiring strain of mingled prattle and dogmatism, never giving the reader time to question the accuracy of his statements or the justice of his decisions. He can narrate well and describe clearly and picturesquely—indeed he is best known as a writer of tales and sketches of travel—his "Tolla" and "Maître Pierre" in the one class, and his "Grèce Contemporaine" in the other, being popular in England as well as in France ; but that he has found favour as a critic before now is evinced by the publication as a separate work of his "Voyage à travers l'Exposition universelle," as well as that under notice. "Nos Artistes" originally appeared in the *Moniteur*, but it has probably undergone some revision before re-publication in its present form. As an Art-critic M. About shows considerable skill, remembering of course the public for whom he writes. He has we believe received a certain amount of artistic training, and he is familiar with the language of the schools : but he takes care not to overload his criticism with technicalities, and he touches with a light hand on whatever would call for any expenditure of thought on the part of the reader. He is a Frenchman of the latest Parisian cut, discussing everything with equal readiness and decision, and whether grave or gay in the same social tone of discursive badinage and banter. A greater contrast it would be scarcely possible to conceive than the style and substance of these criticisms to those grave, well-considered, learned, and conscientious, if somewhat formal and heavy, papers on Art which Guizot in his early days, and

more strictly professional critics of the same time, used to contribute to the critical journals of Paris under the Monarchy—unless, indeed, it be the still more formal, deliberate, and conscientious productions of the German Art-critics. Still M. About, like most of his countrymen, affects system. His detailed criticism is preceded by an exposition of his principles of Art-philosophy, in four distinct chapters or sections. "Critics," he tells us, "have been accustomed to range painters of every kind in two categories:—colourists and designers." But he long ago observed that "all the old masters were both one and the other, and that most modern painters are neither one nor the other," wherefore he has adopted another classification, but what that is it is not necessary for us to inquire. It may be enough to state that he lays down as the law that "design is everything—the essence of a picture without which all else is valueless, or nearly so. Colour is but an admirable luxury." "With the artist design is the science, and so to say, the possession of nature. It is the fruit of study, of time, and of experience. There are no designers at the age of twenty, but I have known colourists at college. Colour is a matter of instinct. The colourists find colour as the negroes of Brazil find diamonds of a hundred carats, or as certain animals, without any preliminary training and in virtue of a happy temperament, grub up truffles." Plainly there is not much to be gained from such philosophising, and it is unnecessary even to listen while with amusing gravity the professor proceeds through some pages "to define, and to explain" this important word design, "of which we understand so little."

And with that flourish M. About turns from generalities to particulars. Not at once, however, to the painters whose works are in the Salon. Neither M. Ingres nor M. Delacroix has sent any contribution, but it would, M. About affirms, "be impious to speak of artists admitted into the Salon without bestowing some words" on them. And so by way of avoiding impiety he, like a true Frenchman, dashes on to the very verge of it. "These two masters of design preside even at expositions where their pictures are not to be seen. They exercise so great an influence upon the Art of our time that we find them present though invisible at every meeting of artists. Wherever two or three painters are met together in the name of the beautiful, M. Ingres and M. Delacroix have a place in the midst of them."

paths are covered with a crust of snow ; a faint light illumines feebly the leafless trees ; the ground is trodden and soiled by the trampling of the duellists. A few parrot's feathers, fallen from the head-dress of the Indian, indicates that the combat has lasted some minutes, and that Pierrot has acted the aggressive part. In the distance is seen one of those tired cabmen who have made a score journeys in the course of the night to Bignon's, to Vachette's, to the Café Anglais, and to the Maison d'Or. All is as dramatic as though the scene itself were before us. The mind of the spectator is at the same moment struck by a thousand contrasts. He is surprised to see pleasure so near death, solitude so near the crowd, the silence of the forest so near the orchestra of Musard, the mine over

"M. Gérôme has aimed to represent a contemporary drama. It is perhaps to be regretted that there is not a hat of the current vogue, a black coat, or an article of the costume of the day, to mark the date of his picture. Perhaps also the orchestra of Marsala, the music which we dance so near the cemetery wherein we sleep. . . .

Mall, now about to close, the picture which has secured the chief share of attention and of praise has been that ghastly but impressive 'Comedy and Tragedy,—*The Duel after a Bal Masqué*', by M. Gérôme. The same picture but under another title was the leading attraction of the Paris exhibition of 1857. Our readers, we think, will like to have M. About's description of it:—

"M. Gérôme is (as they say in England) the lion of the Exposition. His 'Pierrot Expatrié' obtained on the first day a success which has been continually increasing. England has given 20,000 francs for that little canvas which an Englishman on his travels would carry in his pocket. Foreigners as well as Frenchmen are in raptures with that drama in miniature. If the medal of honour which the Institute has to award were submitted to universal suffrage it is M. Gérôme who would obtain it." This being the case M. About considers that he may without danger to M. Gérôme, however it may be for himself, strike out against the current of public admiration and dwell rather more on the shortcomings of the work than he should have done had not its success been so firmly established. "The drama is well told, well composed, touching, and pathetic: upon that we are all agreed. No work of mind will succeed without merit, but it does not always succeed by merit of the highest order.....The personages of M. Gérôme are six of those bold fellows whom we have all elbowed in the passages of the Opera: a Pierrot, a Crispin, a Harlequin, a Red Indian, a Chinese, and a grave man who in order to escape the fatigues of the dance has hidden himself under a domino. Doubtless they were not of the same party, but they dined at the same restaurant. Some words exchanged from one table to another; a cork shot awkwardly from a bottle; a push of the elbow on the staircase; the honour of escorting some fair mask;—a nothing in short brought them to blows, with the aid of champagne. Thanks to that wine so eminently national Pierrot and the Indian have agreed to hold a meeting in order to destroy one another. They have secured seconds, borrowed a pair of swords at Francis Marquis's, and driven to the Forest without taking time to dress themselves like men. They have fought, and Pierrot who has received some inches of cold steel in his right side, is now at the point of death.—Here you have the prologue, which tells its tale plainly at the first glance. But let us look more closely. Pierrot has fallen backwards into the arms of Crispin, who supports him as well as he is able upon his knee. The Chinese and the Domino press eagerly about the dying man. As to the Indian he has according to custom cast away his sword, and doubtless rushed towards his adversary; but one of his seconds, the Harlequin for the nonce, has laid hold of him, and is dragging him away towards the carriages.—The scene of death has paralysed every one; there remains on the figures of the seconds nothing but horror, weariness, and a slight relish of intoxication. The morning is cold, that cheerless cold which we encounter the morning following the ball. The paths are covered with a crust of snow; a faint light illuminates feebly the leafless trees; the ground is trodden and soiled by the trampling of the duellists. A few parrot's feathers, fallen from the head-dress of the Indian, indicates that the combat has lasted some minutes, and that Pierrot has acted the aggressive part. In the distance is seen one of those tired cabmen who have made a score journeys in the course of the night to Bignon's, to Vachette's, to the Café Anglais, and to the Maison d'Or. All is as dramatic as though the scene itself were before us. The mind of the spectator is at the same moment struck by a thousand contrasts. He is surprised to see pleasure so near death, solitude so near the crowd, the silence of the forest near the orchestra of Musard, the mine over which we dance so near the cemetery where we sleep."

"M. Gérôme has aimed to represent a contemporary drama. It is perhaps to be regretted that there is not a hat of the current vogue, a black coat, or an article of the costume of the day, to mark the date of his picture. Perhaps also there

is a certain want of truth in the age of his heroes. That students on leaving the ball should find a pleasure in killing one another in their fancy dresses is a puerility easy to understand. But here the duellists and their seconds have arrived at the age of man and even of the notary. At the age of forty, when he goes to the field a man may forget to make his will, to write to his wife, and to make provision for his son, but he will not forget to put on black trowsers. What say you, painter?—The subject is entirely in repose with the body of Pierrot upon one of Crispin's knees. This, as a point of support, is a little slight and scarcely satisfies the anxiety of the spectator. The danger is so much the greater that Master Crispin makes no visible effort to sustain the heavy load, and that poor Pierrot is of a fearful length. Before the blow of the sword his head must have struck against the top of the picture. The Chinese and the Domino, secondary personages though they be, have figures far too secondary. Harlequin does not walk, and his legs are not legs. Examine them closely, and you will see that they are modelled like the balls stuffed with hay which children buy at the Luxembourg. In short, the principal figure, Pierrot, is left to engage the attention. M. Gérôme knows the public. He knows that it is enough to give an idea to the leading figure to make us shut our eyes to the rest. When I can say to my neighbour, 'See, the drops of sweat have mingled with the powder, and come through that whitened mask,' I forget to look whether beneath there is flesh and bone or only india-rubber."

At the French Exhibition in London this year, one of the painters, whose works—very small in size, but most delicate in conception and execution—attracted most attention, was Édouard Frère, a painter who ought to have taught our young painters what they very much needed teaching; that children may be painted otherwise than as Webster paints them, without losing the childish grace and humour that have rendered Webster so universally popular. Last year Ruskin almost claimed to have discovered Édouard Frère, and this year he has repeated more loudly the laudation he then bestowed on his new protégé. "The expressions of admiration for this painter's work which I used last year were thought by many to have been written in a fit of momentary and uncalculating enthusiasm. I repeat, therefore, after a year's deliberation, with such plain and purposed meaning as I always try to give words which I know will seem questionable, that this painter unites the depth of Wordsworth, the grace of Reynolds, and the holiness of Angelico." Quieter in tone, if not more modest, is the opinion of the French critic :

"M. Édouard Frère, an artist fertile but conscientious, shuts himself up in all kinds of out-of-the-way nooks, in order to pay court to nature. I cannot undertake here to enumerate all his little pictures; it would be necessary for that to have as long a breath as that of Homer. I select one—'Quitting the Bath.' It is a child standing up in the bathing tub, shivering before the cold like an aspen before the wind, whilst the mother hastens to put his little shirt over him. The whole is tolerably composed, for a man who does not aim at designing well, has sufficient local character, and a refined and pleasing colour." Cold praise, it must be confessed, as compared with that of our countryman. The truth to our thinking lies between the two.

These are sufficient, perhaps, as samples of popular contemporary Parisian Art-criticism. But we cannot part with our author without adding a few words on French landscape-painting in the present day. In the London French Exhibition, already so many times referred to, there is a novel feature: a series of English landscapes by a French painter, M. Lambinet. These have been extremely popular, and have found, we believe, ready purchasers. They are certainly very clever, neat in the handling, well put together, and with a very considerable amount of local truth. But we cannot go further in their praise, though some seem to think that English landscape is to be regenerated from them. We happened to see them first

after we had been strolling among the scenes they represent—the Thames above Windsor, Burnham Beeches, and the like—and were, perhaps on that account, struck more than we even otherwise might have been with their conventional character, thick murky colouring, the heavy forms of the trees, and the absence of crisp, fresh, English verdure. Still they are unquestionably truer and fresher than French landscapes were but a very few years back. And we think French landscape is undoubtedly coming closer to nature. The French landscape painters have looked not without profit to our English masters in that line, and especially to Constable; as well as worked much directly from nature. But they have an uphill journey before them. Landscape is an exotic in France—strange as it may seem when France is the country of Claude Lorraine and Gaspar Poussin—and they will meet from their countrymen little of sympathy or support. Hear what M. About himself says on the subject:

"Landscape is in our day regarded as of but secondary rank. We have not a landscape painter in the Institute, and although amateurs show themselves to be epicures in verdure, it is almost impossible for an artist to earn his living by painting landscape. I could cite two painters of the first class who give lessons. A third, adored by connoisseurs, gives away ten pictures to his friends for one that he can sell. . . . The landscapes of M. Daubigny never fetch as much as even the caricatures of M. Biard; and 'Les Bords de la Loue,' painted by M. Courbet, will not obtain the price of his most worthless figures." In the galleries, according to M. About, you seldom see the ordinary visitor stop before a landscape. Before an animal, if well imitated, he seldom fails to stay his feet; the landscape he regards merely as portion of the decorations of the saloon. Nor is this, argues our author, unnatural. Man interests man, whether educated or ignorant. But to enjoy the scenery of nature a special training is necessary. Indeed, education alone is not sufficient. "Calm, quietude, a certain harmony of man with nature are requisite. If he passed along the Vale of Tempe in order to reach the Bourse, where is the speculator who would stop by the way? The Parisians who leave the city once a week disturb the peace of the country without enjoying it. . . . The amateurs, whom we must not confound with the connoisseurs, affect a lively enthusiasm for landscape; but it is a passion which does not ruin them. . . . The visitors to the Salon have not leisure to be very exacting: they seek not after lasting beauties; the pleasure of the moment is all that they require. When they have exclaimed in passing before a landscape 'How fresh, how exquisite, how ravishing!' they are ready to award to the artist every imaginable recompense—except their cheque for a thousand francs."

But while M. About thus rails at his countrymen for their neglect of the landscape painter, he has himself a thoroughly French notion of what a landscape ought to be.

"The greatest landscape-painter of our time, M. Desgoffe, is a pupil of M. Ingres, as Poussin was a scholar of Raffaello. M. Ingres said to him—'If I painted landscape I should wish to paint it like you.'—Like M. Ingres, M. Desgoffe follows the great masters as well as nature. He studies the objects which lie before him, but before he proceeds to paint them he goes to take counsel of the great men who are enthroned at the Museum. If he works in the open fields it is with Poussin at his right hand, Claude Lorraine at his left, and M. Ingres on his shoulders."

A pleasant environment—but we trust it will be long before our worthy *paysagistes* take the field so accompanied. M. About's book it will be seen contains some agreeable talk. He discourses in the same light way on every artist and on each branch of Art; and the reader who may care to see the Art and artists of France so talked of may turn to M. About with the certainty of finding an hour's amusement, and perhaps some instruction.

## THE DRAMA AND MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—What is called the "regular season" terminated on Saturday, when the *Trovatore* was performed, with the usual distribution of characters. The national anthem was sung in due form, Madme. Alboni and Mdlle. Tietjens each trying her "English" in a solo verse; and a *divertissement*, for the "rentrée" (we believe that is the word) of Mdlle. Boschetto, brought the entertainments to an end. Of Mdlle. Boschetto we need only remark that she danced just as well as she did last year, and no better. Her "pointes" are excellent; but she makes so many of them that they become fatiguing, and you wish at last that she were "*chaussée à la poulaïne*." Mdlle. Boschetto was received with favour, and will serve the manager's purpose very well at the cheap performances; but it must be understood that she has no pretensions to be regarded as a dancer of the first class—Rosati or a Poccini—whatever the *Opera Box* may suggest in its own simple and ingenuous manner.

Our readers will not expect us to review in detail the incidents of the last four months. The "winter season" had already presented, with few exceptions, the same repertory and the same singers; and now we are about to have a third series, *pro bono publico*, at cheap prices. Thus the term "season," applied to any particular epoch, becomes a misnomer, since at Her Majesty's Theatre there are "seasons" nearly all the year round. How far this may ultimately tend to vulgarise what has for more than a century been regarded as an exceptional entertainment—a periodical luxury, rather than a constant necessity—remains to be proved. Italian opera is a good, even a desirable, thing in its way; but we doubt whether Italian opera in excess can be regarded as beneficial. The engagement of Mademoiselle Tietjens was a lucky hit for Mr. Lumley. This lady, who came out on the first night of the "season" (April 13) as *Valentine* in the *Huguenots*, met with unqualified success; and subsequent performances showed that the sensation then created was not a mere flash. In the *Trovatore* and *Lucrezia Borgia*, in *Don Giovanni* and *Figaro* (as *Donna Anna* and the *Countess*), she has well maintained her position. Mademoiselle Tietjens possesses one of the most splendid "soprano" voices extant. As yet unbroken by the Verdi frost, it is sonorous, fresh, and unimpaired. With dramatic capabilities, too, of no mean order, remarkable energy, a commanding presence, features which, if not handsome, are expressive and *plastic*, youth (according to the *Opera Box*, Mademoiselle Tietjens is just "24"), and abundant animal spirits in her favour, Mademoiselle Tietjens combines most of the qualifications indispensable to one aiming at the highest honours. Her pronunciation of Italian, however, is still imperfect; and she is prone to make too lavish a display of certain gifts which it would be wiser to husband. But these, and some minor defects, are easy to eradicate. We are not disposed to share the opinion of some of our enthusiastic contemporaries, who place Mademoiselle Tietjens (as they placed Mademoiselle Piccolomini, and each successive acquisition of Mr. Lumley's) among the Malibrans and Rachels of the art; but we have very great hopes of her future career, and earnestly trust she may realise all that her more sensible and unprejudiced admirers have prophesied. As the *Huguenots* was the only opera new to Her Majesty's Theatre in which Mademoiselle Tietjens appeared, so to her exclusively was it indebted for the success it achieved—the rest being "leather and prunella" in comparison. Madame Alboni, the most accomplished representative of the pure Italian school of vocalisation, although engaged all the season, has not been allowed to figure with the prominence that was her due. Such characters as *Azucena* belong rather to dramatic than to vocal art; and valuable as was Madame Alboni's co-operation in *Luisa Miller* and *La Zingara*—graciously accorded to strengthen the attractions of those not over-attractive operas—it could not but be felt that

such condescension ought hardly to have been required at her hands, and that it was little creditable to the establishment to find so great an artist, under any circumstances, filling so meagre an *emploi*. In revenge we had Rossini's delicious *Barbiere* (only once!), with the music of *Rosina* sung as Madame Albani alone can sing it, and the immortal "*Il Segreto*" several times—which last may account for the fresh vogue obtained at Her Majesty's Theatre by *Lucrezia Borgia*, while failing altogether at the rival house to sustain its ancient prestige.

The *Huguenots* and *Luisa Miller* represent the sum of managerial enterprise during the season. Considerable pains were spent upon the first, but the last received no more attention than it merited, as a thoroughly worthless production. *Luisa Miller*, indeed, was a *fiasco*, which though not surprising, is to be regretted, since, with the exception of *Serpina* in Paesiello's one-act operetta of *La Serva Padrona*, it afforded Madlle. Piccolomini her only new part.

The "cheap performances" commenced on Tuesday with the *Huguenots*. This was followed on Thursday by *Don Giovanni*; and last night we had the eternal *Traviata*.

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.**—That so hackneyed an opera as *Norma* should draw a crowded house may astonish many; but that it did so on Tuesday night is a fact. Madame Grisi's *Norma* may be described as just what it was last season, just what it was the season before that, and just what it has been for ten years past. The second act, if possible, is more thoughtful and masterly than ever. The weak point is in the trio-finale to Act I., where, in the fulminating reproach to *Pollio*—"Ah non tremore, o perfido!"—Madame Grisi cannot hold on the high C, and the orchestra is obliged to skip half a bar to accommodate her. This is effected, by the way, with an address, a sleight of hand (and "no preparation") worthy of Herr Wilhelme Frikell. As the passage, however, is always followed by uproarious plaudits, and on the present occasion was encored with acclamations, it would seem impertinent to ask Madame Grisi to amend it. Signor Tammerlik is almost the only *Pollio* not an absolute bore, which proceeds not merely from his fine energetic singing, but from his thoroughly noble and manly deportment. Such a proconsul is worthy of accompanying *Norma* to "the pile." Between the *Adalgisa* of the much regretted Mdlle. Corbari and that of its actual representative, Mdlle. Marai, there is *longum intervallum*; nor is the part of *Oroveso* quite suited to Sig. Tagliafico, who lacks weight for the Lablache repertory, although exhibiting intelligence in this as in everything he attempts.

*Martha* was repeated on Thursday.

**DRURY LANE THEATRE.**—The performance of *Don Giovanni* on Saturday night, for Mr. E. T. Smith's benefit, was beneath criticism; nor, diverting as, among other things, was the "*Il mio tesoro*" of Sig. Naudin, did the representation contain anything half so entertaining and original as the speech delivered by the worthy manager, when called upon to address the audience at the conclusion. The house was densely crowded.

Now that the experiment of a third Italian Opera has been tried (we are inclined to believe with questionable success) it may be as well to counsel Mr. Smith, ere resuming it—as he threatens next year—to engage fewer principal singers and employ the surplus in providing himself with something like a decent orchestra and chorus, the absence of which renders operatic performances on a large scale unendurable.

**MUSIC AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.**—The Italian Opera Concerts, which are held fortnightly, and of which the fifth took place yesterday afternoon, present but few attractions to the *blase* frequenter of our London musical theatres. But among visitors to the Crystal Palace are doubtless many who, for various reasons, seldom or never attend theatrical performances; and to these the

programmes selected for the exhibition of Mr. Gye's company are calculated to afford both pleasure and profit. We think this should be understood, since in some quarters the Italian Concerts at Sydenham have been severely criticised for want of novelty. All the world, however, has not heard Mario sing the serenade from *Don Pasquale*, nor Grisi the willow-song of *Desdemona*; and among those whom we must conscientiously style "unfortunate" probably a large number may be found at least once a week taking a day's recreation in the Crystal Palace. Thus if the concerts can be made to answer the purpose both of the company and the manager, so much the better. Yesterday Sig. Tammerlik sang for the first time this year.

The "Grand Festival Concert" projected by Mr. Benedict must have been successful, since a second is announced, on the strength of it, for the 30th instant. Nevertheless, we think the Handel Festival Orchestra unsuited to anything beneath the Handel Festival scale. Even "1000 performers" must look cold and comfortless with an endless array of vacant seats in their rear; and this supposing the "1000" honestly to represent the number of singers and players—not, as in the present instance, something considerably ahead of it.\* The programme cannot be unreservedly commended, since it contained many things wholly unfit for such an arena. Mr. Sims Reeves, for example, who sang "Come if you dare" (Purcell) magnificently, and was encored—with a view, we suppose, to elicit a similar compliment for an air unaccompanied by either orchestra or chorus (in which, at the expense of good taste, he succeeded), was fair to shout instead of *sing*, so simple a matter as the ballad of "My pretty Jane," which is wholly unfit for such a place. There were also some anomalies in this concert, of which one example may be cited. Bach's concerto for three pianofortes, with orchestra, did not produce half so much effect as "Home, sweet home," on a single instrument, unaccompanied. Miss Arabella Goddard was the principal pianist in the first instance (Messrs. Sloper and Benedict being her associates) and the solo player in the last; and never—as those who were near the orchestra alone, however, can testify—was Bach's grand music rendered with greater spirit and precision. To conclude—the greatest "effects" were attained by such things as the march and chorus from Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens* on the one hand, and such comparatively unelaborate compositions as the prayer from Rossini's *Moïse* on the other. The last was redemand, as were several *moreaux* which we need not stop to enumerate.

**THE PROVINCIAL FESTIVALS.**—There are to be three musical festivals this year—the first at Hereford, in the last week of August (conductor, Mr. Townshend Smith, organist of the cathedral); the second at Birmingham, from Aug. 31 to Sept. 3 inclusive (conductor Mr. Costa); the third at Leeds (conductor Professor Sterndale Bennett), in the second week of September, after the opening of the new town hall, at which Her Majesty the Queen is to be present. We shall have something to say next week about them all.

**NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.**—"The Harmonised Airs from Moore's Irish Melodies" have just been republished, by the Messrs. Longman, in a handsome volume.† So much of the title as we have quoted looks promising, and is likely to interest the lovers of genuine national tune. But unfortunately there is more to add; and the affix—"With the Original Symphonies and Accompaniments of Sir John Stevenson, *Mus. Doc.*, and Sir Henry Bishop," will hardly be so well received. It is now generally admitted that Sir John Stevenson very ill used the "Irish Melodies," and that his "symphonies and accompaniments" are irredeemably bad. Unsuitable to the melodies

\* A band of two hundred was advertised; but there were not many more than 120 in the ranks.

† The songs were reprinted, also in one volume, some time since.

themselves, with the simplicity, grace, and strongly defined character of which they have absolutely nothing in common, they are equally open to censure from a musical point of view, as crude, diffuse, and incorrect. Nothing indeed can be worse.

It is rather unfair, by the way, to associate the name of a truly national composer like Bishop with that of Sir John Stevenson, who, of all the incompetent persons that ever helped to bring the dignity of "Mus. Doc." into contempt, was the most incompetent. At any rate the melodies harmonised by the Doctor should have had the initials of the Doctor attached to them; since, though musicians may readily distinguish between clumsy and neat workmanship, affected elaboration and well-studied simplicity, the ordinary purchaser is not in the same condition. No one, however—and that is some consolation to admirers of the man who composed the "Cough and Crow," "Mynheer Van Dunk," and so many genial master-pieces of the sort—would think of fathering upon Bishop such inharmonious jumbling as is to be found in the "arrangements" of "Go where glory waits thee;" "Erin the tear" ("Robin Adair"—"Eileen Aroon"—as it is diversely known); "Tis the last rose of summer" ("Groves of Blarney"); "The Young May moon" (one of the "Planxties" of Carolan); and some half dozen others. Still the distinction should have been made, if only to prevent misapprehension; and this, although the constitutional apathy of Sir Henry Bishop is more than once exemplified in the comparative poorness of his own arrangements.

It is a pity the Messrs. Longman—before executing their excellent design of republishing the collection in a commodious shape and at a moderate price—had not employed some musician of repute, either to amend the errors of Sir John Stevenson, or, still better, to harmonise the airs, which are just as exquisite as the lyrics to which they are allied. The songs of Caledonia have long enjoyed the advantage of being wedded to symphonies and accompaniments by Haydn, Kozeluch, Pleyel, and Beethoven; while our own primitive tunes are now entrusted to the able treatment of Mr. Macfarren, who it cannot be denied has up to the present moment accomplished his task even more successfully than any of the German masters we have cited. Why Ireland's early melodies, the beauty of which is unsurpassed, should for ever be condemned to figure in the unbecoming costume provided for them by Sir John Stevenson, it is hard to say.

Under the circumstances we cannot hail with the satisfaction we should otherwise have experienced this new issue of a work which, committed to proper hands, might be made to assume the importance of a national monument. As matters stand, the good is neutralised by the bad. The permanent edition of "Moore's Irish Melodies" is yet to come; and until the labours of Sir John Stevenson are consigned to the *index expurgatorium* we may look for it in vain.

#### THE BARBERINI INSCRIPTION, AT ROME, RELATING TO BRITAIN.

To the Editor of the LITERARY GAZETTE.

Sir,—Observing a mention of my name in connection with the Barberini Inscription in your publication of the 5th of June, p. 537, I am induced as one of your subscribers, and in justice to myself, to offer an observation or two.

Mr. Fairholt deserves the highest credit for his zeal in copying the Barberini Inscription at Rome relating to the conquest of Britain by the Roman legions in the reign of the Emperor Claudius, as published in the "Collectanea Antiqua" of Mr. C. Roach Smith, Vol. 5, Part 2, as also for his drawings of the city walls, and other antiquities at Rome, and his graphic descriptions, in which arithmetical and antiquarian knowledge are so well combined. The Barberini Inscription was one of the objects which required a due share of his attention. This fragment, which is of some con-

\* See W. Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time."

siderable historical value, was found in a part of Rome somewhat remote from the place where it is at present preserved. It was fixed as an object of *verità* in the wall surrounding the Barberini palace, and one of the former owners of the palace caused a restoration of the missing part to be made, one-half of it longitudinally being lost. This half of the inscription restored by the former possessor is now known to have been done pretty much at hap-hazard and without consulting ancient authorities, but is cut out in the stucco which fills up the square frame of the inscription as it is now fixed against the wall. The inscription with its frame or bordering is of magnitude, being from sixteen to eighteen feet square.

It is in Mr. Fairholt's letter that some remarks are inserted on attempted restorations of the inscription by various persons, and it is in remarking on his observations on the subject, that the writer of the article at p. 537 of your Journal says, "We agree with Mr. Fairholt that the restitution of the two last lines in the Roman slab is more plausible than that suggested by Mr. Poste in his 'Britannic Researches,' p. 349, as the space bounded by a foliated border admits of fewer letters than that ingenious writer inserts in his reading. Mr. C. Roach Smith in a supplementary note comments upon the discussion and remarks that the inscription, so important in relation to the history of Britain, has never before received a proper description as regards its actual condition at the hands of any English traveller." It is this observation which induces me to address you.

Mr. C. Roach Smith certainly does subjoin some remarks and comments on the inscription, but the writer in your Journal omits to say that the purport of them virtually is, as well as rendering due justice to Mr. Fairholt for his diligence and skill, to express his approval of the restoration which I have ventured to suggest. Mr. C. Roach Smith, indeed, as I have reason to think since, accepts fully and unreservedly my restoration in preference to the form supplied at Rome.

A few words will be sufficient to show how faulty this said modern Roman addition must needs be. This will appear by referring to the style of the Emperor Claudius in the various years of his reign which perhaps I may be allowed here briefly to illustrate. The Tribunitia Potestas marked the number of the years, beginning from his accession. The dates of his consulships are well known from historical writers, and his imperatorships, as they were called, or salutations for victories, according to Roman custom were all numbered and added to the dates of the respective years to which they belonged, and are capable of being ascertained from coins or inscriptions. The Roman restoration then, that engraved in the stucco at Rome joins on and supplies TRIBUNITIA POTESTATE IX., and IMPERATOR XVI. to the Cos. V. which is still remaining on the stone. This must be incorrect, for there is scarcely any fact more generally known in chronology than that Claudius enlarged the Pomerium, i.e. extended the walls of Rome, in his ninth year when his style ran thus—TR. P. IX. COS : IV. IMP. XVI. Again we know from the Fasti Consulares that he was first appointed Consul the fifth time with Cornelius Orfitus in the eleventh year of his reign, when consequently he had entered upon the eleventh year of his Tribunitian power. It is ascertained that in this same year he was saluted Imperator three times, the numbers of those distinctions being respectively XXII, XXIII, and XXIV, the first of which is taken by preference. We therefore, carry by this, set the Roman restoration right, and have the style of the date thus—TRIBUNITIA POTESTATE XI. COS : V. and IMPERATOR XXII, being the eleventh year of his reign and the year 51 of the Christian era, which is accordingly the date of this interesting relic relating to our island.

As for the last line of my proposed restoration being too long, as has been objected, I had followed the reading of a previous learned traveller, according to whom one more letter of the original was extant on the left-hand side of the dividing line than Mr. Fairholt gives; but as, according to the

latter gentleman, whom we must now follow, fewer letters are required, and as the reading INDICIONEM (IN DITIONEM) seems most appropriate, and is much approved by Mr. C. Roach Smith in his "Collectanea," Vol. V. p. 108, we have only to conclude that the word was written on the stone with a contraction INDICIO<sup>N</sup>, which would have left the line nearly evenly balanced on each side of the central division as seems required.

I have thus been led to go somewhat into the subject of the Barberini Inscription, which your readers perhaps may have some interest to see in full, as one of the earliest documents relating to Britain. I will accordingly give it below, first as it has come down to us, and secondly, as perhaps I may presume, in a more truthful dress:

TI CLAVDIO CÆS  
AVGVSTO  
PONTIFICIMAX · TR · P · IX  
COS · V · IMP · XVI · P · P ·  
SENATVSPOPVNL · Q · R · QVOD  
REGES BRITANNIÆ · ABSQ  
VILLA · LACTVRA · DOMVERIT  
GENTESQVEBARBARAS  
PRIMVS · INDICIO · SVBEGERIT  
  
Proposed Restoration.  
TI · CLAVDIO · CÆS ·  
AVGVSTO  
PONTIFICI · M · TR · P · XI ·  
COS · V · IMP · XXII · P · P ·  
SENATVS PO PVLV · Q · R · QVOD  
REGES BRIT ANN · ABSQ ·  
VILLA · IACTVRA · RA · DOMERIT ·  
GENTESQVE · EXTIMAS · ORBIS ·  
PRIMVS. INDICIO · SVBEGERIT.

Speculations may perhaps be formed as to whether the missing portion may not yet be found; but obviously no further historical point will be gained beyond what the part already extant when duly interpreted supplies.

I remain, Sir,  
Yours, &c.  
BEALE POSTE.

Bydewa Place, near Maidstone,  
July 16th, 1858.

**DEATH OF MRS. LOUDON.**—The literary world this week has sustained a serious loss in the person of Mrs. Loudon, the authoress of several standard works in botany and horticulture, who died at her residence in Porchester Terrace, Bayswater, a few days ago. The deceased lady was Jane, daughter of Thomas Webb, Esq., of Ritwell Hall, near Birmingham, a gentleman who suffered some great reverses of fortune, owing to an unsuccessful building speculation; and, consequently, his daughter resolved to turn her natural talents and a good education to a profitable account. Imaginative literature was the path which she first selected for their exercise and display. In 1827 Miss Webb published a novel called "The Mummy," which excited considerable attention at the time, and was certainly remarkable both in design and execution, as the work of a young and unpractised writer. The scene of this work is laid some two hundred years in advance of the present age; and, strange to say, it embodies many ideas of scientific progress which have already become facts of every-day occurrence, though regarded at the time of their first appearance as speculations of the wildest and most impracticable character. Among them are included the atmospheric railway, the passage of railroads over the tops of houses, the electric telegraph, the lighting of clocks, and the suggestion of a steam-plough, which attracted the attention of the late Mr. John Claudius Loudon, the author of numerous works on botany, horticulture, architecture, and agriculture. A community of tastes and an interchange of ideas on these subjects gradually ripened a casual acquaintance into a solid attachment, and ultimately resulted in a matrimonial union between the parties. From this time forward Mrs. Loudon abandoned general literature for such of its branches as most exclusively absorbed her husband's attention. She entered actively into all his intellectual plans and labours,

and proved herself an able fellow-worker with him in the various serial publications relative to gardening, natural history, and architecture commenced by him about this period. After the death of her husband, which occurred in or about the year 1843, at their residence at Bayswater, Mrs. Loudon occupied her leisure time in carefully re-editing some of his most important works. The volumes by which her name individually is best known to the public are her "Lady's Flower Garden," "Gardening for Ladies"—"The Lady's Companion to the Flower Garden," and "The Lady's Country Companion." The work mentioned last but one in the above list has found a circulation of upwards of 25,000 copies. Mrs. Loudon has always rendered her writings thoroughly useful to the amateur in search of information by the clear and practical manner in which she has imparted her instructions, while they are no less interesting to the general reader, owing to the grace with which her literary taste and extensive knowledge have enabled her to invest her subject. It may be added, that these tastes and powers have been inherited by the deceased lady's daughter, Miss Agnes Loudon, whose name is well known to the world as the authoress of several excellent books for children, and of various tales and sketches. Mrs. Loudon was in the receipt of a pension of 1000, a-year from the civil list, in recognition of the literary services to horticultural science rendered by herself and her deceased husband. Mrs. Loudon's receptions at her residence in Porchester Terrace were frequented by a large circle of literary personages, who will deeply regret the premature loss of one of the most excellent and amiable of ladies.

#### MISCELLANEA.

THE museum of the Louvre is about to be enriched with two works which are eminently interesting. They consist in the *coffret* (so called) of St. Louis, a superb reliquary from the abbey of Lys, which was founded by Blanche of Castille, which at the time of the Revolution had passed to the church of the Commune of Dannemarie, near Fontainebleau, where that abbey was situated. It was offered several times to the Louvre, but declined for want of funds. This *coffret* has at length been bought. The other work of art is the picture of the *Descent from the Cross*, by Daniel de Volterra, which figured on the principal altar of the church of the convent of La Trinité du Mont, at Rome. The convent and its church, founded by Charles VIII. at the time of his expedition into Italy, have remained the property of France. As far back as 1811 or 1812, with the intention of removing this work to Paris, the French Government had got the *Descent from the Cross* transferred to canvas—an operation which did not cost less than 10,000 francs to the Imperial museum. The political events which followed not having allowed this plan to be carried out, it was not till 1850 that M. de Nieuwerkerke resumed it. At length, thanks to the exertions of the Duke de Grammont, the French Ambassador at Turin, the picture is at the present moment on its way to France.

#### SCRAPS.

THE Baroness Vigier (Sophie Cruvelli) has been left a brilliant inheritance. Ahmed Pasha, who was recently drowned in the Nile, had during his residence in Paris conceived a violent passion for the beautiful singer. Being repulsed, he took his revenge by leaving her in his will a legacy of a million of francs, besides a splendid collection of diamonds, and among the latter is the famous bracelet of emeralds which was worn by Mehemet Ali.

The French Academy has had a strange proposition brought before it. A M. Verdier, the great grand-nephew of one of the surgeons who embalmed Voltaire, became by inheritance the possessor of the brain of the patriarch of Ferney,

which was preserved by his grand-uncle. M. Verdier wished to make a present to the illustrious assembly of the brain, out of which in the last century a complete philosophical revolution emanated. But as the Academy does not possess a reliquaire in which it could place this unlooked-for deposit, it found itself under the necessity of refusing M. Verdier's offer.

The Earl of Derby, on the recommendation of Mr. Henry Drummond, M.P., has placed Mr. J. B. Lindsay, electrician, on the Literary and Scientific Pension List, for 100*l.* per annum.

M. Villemot, the new *rédacteur en chef* of the Paris *Figaro*, gives an amusing account of his passing 24 hours in prison (dungeon No. 9), for neglecting a summons to do duty as a national guard. He was in Belgium when the notice was left at his house, and might, as a matter of course, have obtained the reversal of his sentence by appealing. But he says that an appeal would have taken up the greater part of his time for a fortnight, and he therefore deliberately resigned himself to dungeon No. 9 for twenty-four hours, as being the least of two evils.

The Emperor of Austria has just granted a pension for life of 800 florins to the widow of the Intendant of the Marine, Ressel, the author of several important discoveries "and the first inventor of the screw."

Tidings from St. Petersburg inform us of the death of M. de Monferrand, a French architect, who, under the reign of Alexander I., was selected to plan and superintend the structure of the great cathedral on the Neva, which he lived to see consecrated and set apart for Greek orthodox worship on the 30th of last May. Forty years of his life were given to this unremitting task, and he was seventy-five at his death, having lived through three Imperial reigns. The Greek Church has thus erected the most modern, as it had the most ancient of all existing metropolitan temples, St. Sophia.

The inauguration of the statue of the late Mr. Brotherton, M.P., in Peel Park, has been fixed for Thursday, the 5th of August, at 11 o'clock. The Lord Bishop of Manchester will deliver the inaugural address. The corporations of Salford and Manchester, the magistrates of the district, and the subscribers to the memorial fund (who include many distinguished persons) will be invited to attend the ceremony.

Another proof of the durability of Mr. Mallet's mammoth mortar was made on Wednesday morning at Woolwich. It was arranged to attempt, as far as practicable, to fire ten rounds, the charge to commence with 40lb. of powder, a straw wad, and a 36-inch shell, the shells averaging about 2376 lbs. weight, each succeeding charge of powder to be increased 10 lbs. By twelve o'clock the spectators were gratified with perceiving a gunner introduced into the mouth of the mortar, who placed in it the first charge, contained in eight separate flannel bags. The loading occupied about thirty minutes, and the first shot was pronounced to be highly satisfactory, the flight extending over 1700 yards, and the shot alighting in almost a direct line with the butt. The second shot, containing 50 lbs. of powder, was fired at one o'clock, and was considered equally satisfactory, taking a flight of about 400 yards beyond the first, and unmistakeably marking the spot where it fell by casting up a mound of earth and gravel, and burying itself many feet beneath. The third charge was about to be introduced, when sundry indications were perceived of some derangement in the rings forming the barrel of the mortar, by the displacement of some of the coppers or wedges. The engineers were immediately set to work, and on the application of the hammer one of the coppers was found to be broken. It was, therefore, judged to be imprudent and unsafe to proceed with the trial.

At the first annual commencement of Mount Union College, Ohio, the degree of Bachelor of Liberal Sciences was conferred among others upon Miss Jane W. Chapman.

"In the town of Montpelier, H——, the actor, who played the part of *Theramenes*, was hissed in the famous narrative of the death of

*Hippolyte*. He immediately advanced to the footlights, and, addressing the public with imperious sang froid, said:—"Ma foi, gentlemen; you are quite right; I said it shockingly; but never mind, I'll begin it all over again!" *Phœdre*, who was waiting in the slips for the moment when she is to drink the poison, laughed heartily at this confession."—*Memoirs of Rachel*.

At the last meeting of the Lincoln Diocesan Architectural Society the secretary related the result of the proceedings connected with the deputation of the society that had just waited upon the Duc d'Aumale, at Orleans House, Twickenham, for the purpose of presenting him with a copy of the papers on Somerset Castle, and the captivity of John of France therein, &c., lately printed by the society. These had been bound in blue morocco, adorned with the arms of the Prince, and after a suitable address from the secretary, were presented on a satin cushion, embroidered with the Prince's royal insignia in gold and colours, to which the duke made the following reply:—"C'est à moi, Monsieur, de me trouver honné par la dédicace qui vous voulez bien me faire. Je suis très flatté de voir mon nom mentionné en tête du livre dans lequel vous avez si heureusement élucidé une importante question historique. Veuillez donc recevoir avec mes remerciements pour votre délicate attention, mes félicitations sincères sur le succès qui a couronné vos efforts; et me croire, votre affectionné, H. D'ORLEANS."

The death of Mr. Bartley, the actor, had been for some time expected, and has just occurred. He had reached an advanced age. The concluding portion of his life was less fortunate than his preceding years. We will, however, postpone any attempt at biography.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

*Hebrew Emancipation*.—A Correspondent, who must have forgotten Mr. Punch's direction, and therefore favoured us with a poem better calculated for that gentleman's paper than our own, sends us the following hymn of triumph on the passing of the Jew compromise bill. We have not the heart to withhold his verses from our readers:—

The times have changed;  
The Christian lord  
His bondage chain has broke.  
The times have changed;  
The word of God  
To Christian heart has spoke.  
The times have changed;  
The Jew's a man,  
And he is free to act.  
The times have changed;  
The lordly clan  
No longer shall exact  
Humility from a brother man,  
His conscience more to smite;  
For since the world at first began  
Man's conscience was his right.

July 16, 1838. B. C. J.

*Picture Making*.—M. M., after some complimentary observations upon an article on Fine Arts in the *Literary Gazette*, proceeds, "The remarks on the present state of painting, or picture making, are most true. Imitation is more a manual than a mental qualification; a Chinese can do it admirably, or any one who will give the attention necessary may succeed."

"The mental part of Art is the only starting point. For the course of a practising hand, let the mind be imbued with a sense of the beautiful in Nature, and the result will be the elevation of style, and constitute that which may be called Fine Art in distinction from manufacture."

"Sedulous study after the antique and beautiful Nature will secure to the student the power of discriminating between the ordinary and the select—when the power of delineating the human form in its perfection is attained, every decorative object is imitated with the greatest facility, and yet remains, as it ought to do, subordinate. To paint a chair, a table, a vase, or any fixed material, better than a head, hand, or figure, is a disgrace, and displays the paucity of superior power. In landscape also, sense and sympathy are expressed in seizing the evanescent beauties that occasionally adorn the crust of the earth, not in elaborating that which can be seen every day; still detail must not be neglected, but studied as it appears under every changing light; and let it be remembered that lights, shades, and reflections never remain for a moment the same, but must change in the progress of the hours. This was Turner's view, which his dignified talents conveyed, and his 'mände' has not descended, as yet, on any one."

*Parody on Gray*.—A valued Correspondent says: "I overlooked until to-day a query in the *Literary Gazette*

of the 12th, which I am able to answer. The querist is 'An Architect,' who desires to learn the authorship of an *Ode to Dulwich College*, in which Sir John Soane is satirised. There is rather a curious history connected with the composition, which was written by Mr. Charles Knight, and published in his *European Magazine* in 1824. At that time there lived an architect named Stedman Whitwell, who possessed great talents as an architect, though his prospects were clouded by an unfortunate event. He was the architect of the Brunswick Theatre, which fell down after it had been opened three or four nights, burying many persons in its ruins. It was proved upon the inquest that, against his remonstrances, the carpenters' shops were hung up to the roof, and hence the catastrophe. He never again could command professional employment, and he died a disappointed man, though well known in the scientific world for his various acquirements. He was a severe critic of his professional brethren, and his note-book was filled with materials for a pamphlet on *Architectural Absurdities*. At that time Sir John Soane was employed upon most public works, Whitwell had a profound contempt for his style, and had made a large catalogue of his faults. An article of which Mr. Whitwell furnished the facts and Mr. Knight the arguments, appeared in the magazine, and the Ode referred to was appended as a talisman to the criticisms. Soane was silly enough to bring an action against Mr. Knight for libel. The case excited a great deal of notice, for it involved the great question whether criticism on Art and Literature, even when avowedly antirational, was libellous. Soane had five counsel, of whom Brougham was one. Mr. Knight was fortunate enough to secure Scarlett, who convulsed the Court with learned readings portions of the verses, especially those which touched upon the new law courts, just then opened. The poor defendant was triumphantly saved from the heavy damages which the great architect demanded for his wounded reputation. The case is reported in the King's Bench Reports; and I believe it is the last attempt made by any man of merit in science, art, or literature, to suppress criticism by the terrors of the law of libel."

*The Confessional*.—"I venture to submit that all doubt and uncertainty on this subject could be cleared up and set at rest, by simply appealing to the written Word of God. Never mind the *Fathers* of the Church for once (or Doctors of Divinity either), but let us take the precepts of the *Founder* thereof, pure and simple. He said, on one memorable occasion, that the Word of God was made of none effect 'by the traditions of men,' and so it is at this day. If we search the Scriptures we shall find nothing in support of private or auricular confession, as some would have us believe, and as they most ardently wish to establish it, that 'the priests may bear rule.' I cannot see anything in the incident that 'F. S.' quotes with a wish to obey the precept laid down by St. James, in the 5th of his Ep., 16 v. 'Confess your faults one to another,' &c., no absolution is named. No doubt some learned divines could fill a library with bulky tomes to prove that this text meant auricular confession. But take the words as they stand simply, and nothing of the kind can be proved. The power of absolution belongs to God alone, and He has declared in several passages in the Scriptures that He will suffer no diminution of the glory and homage due to His Godhead.

"It is true the Apostles received the power claimed by some men in these times (John 20. 23 v.), but there is no intimation whatever in Holy Writ that they either could or did delegate the power to absolve from sin to other men; if it is so, surely there would be some record of it.

"A clergyman, or indeed any other Christian (see Jas. 5, 16), may convey the assurance of forgiveness of sin (from God through Jesus Christ) to another person upon condition of sincere repentance; but that any one has the power to grant absolute, I deny in toto. It is but very little, if at all, less than blasphemy against Jehovah for any man to claim the power.

"I am, sir,  
Yours very obediently,  
"CLERICI FILIUS."

A HISTORY of the BRITISH SEA ANEMONES and MADREPORES. By P. H. Gosse, F.R.S. With a coloured Figure of each Species. A New Edition will complete this work and form an Svo. vol. Parts 1 to 3 are now published, and the remaining parts will appear on the 1st of each alternate month.

John Van Voorst, Paternoster Row.

THE STEREOSCOPIC MAGAZINE. Price 2s. 6d. Stereographs for August, No. 2.  
I. THE NEW MUSEUM, ROYAL GARDENS, KEW.  
II. THE GREAT CROSS OF MUIRENDACH, MONASTERBOICE, CO. LOUTH.  
III. REMARKABLE BLOCK OF DOUBLE REFRACTING SPAR FROM ICELAND.  
Lovel Reeve, 5, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

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